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THE BRIAN WILSON INTERVIEW: "IT'S SCARY!"

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JULY 1976 $1.00

# CRAWDADDY

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REGGAE ROUND-UP

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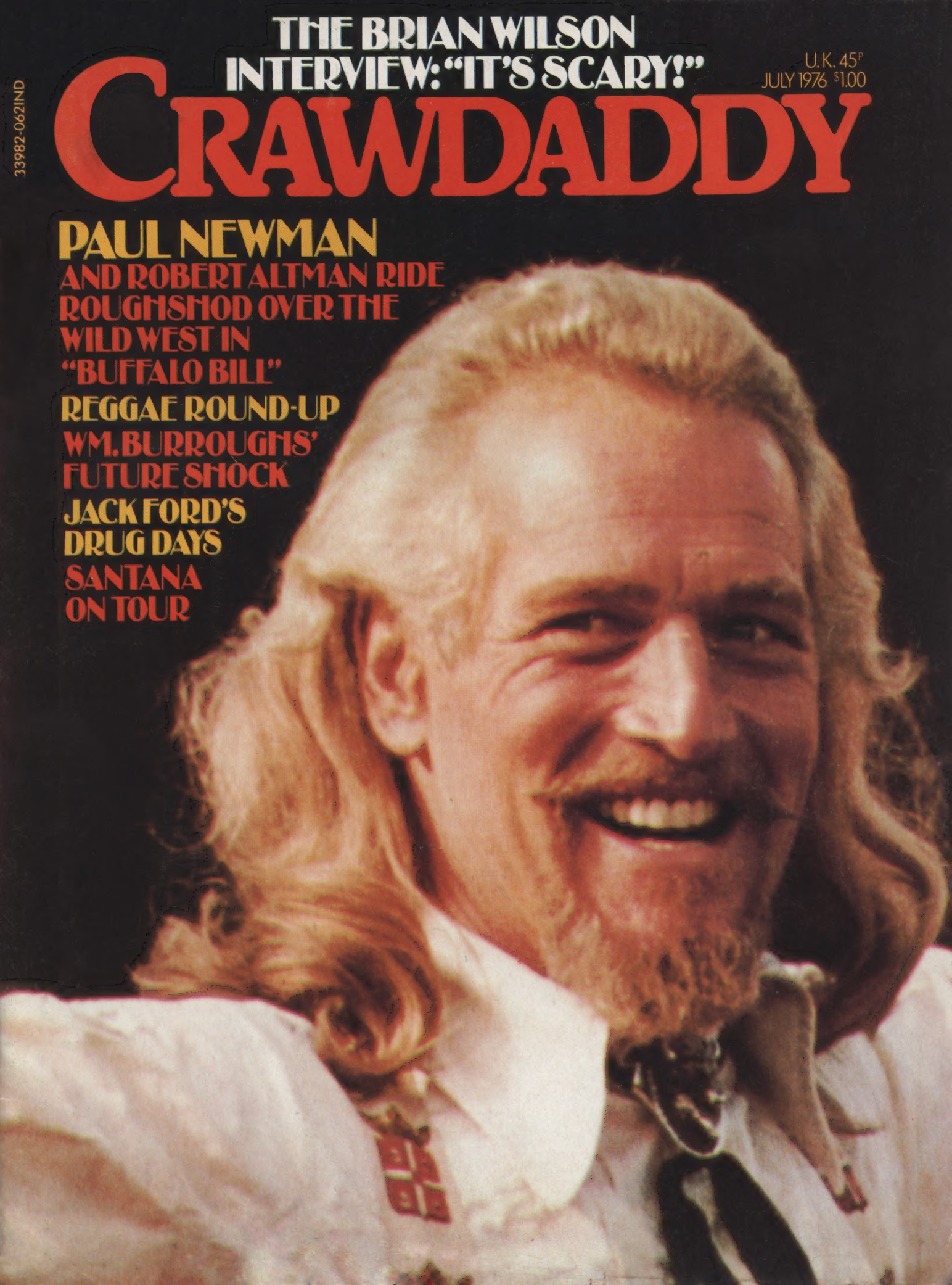

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Muscle Beach Party **Frankie Avalon**
Surfin' Safari **Beach Boys**

**Side 3**

Sidewalk Surfin' **Jan & Dean**
Surfin' Hootenanny **Al Casey**
Let's Go Trippin' **Dick Dale & the Del-Tones**
Surfin' Bird **Trashmen**
Pipeline **Ventures**

**Side 4**

Ride The Wild Surf **Jan & Dean**
Surfer Girl **Beach Boys**
New York Is A Lonely Town **Tradewinds**
Lonely Surfer **Jack Nitschze**
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# EDITORIAL

I moved recently, and in the process of reconstituting my record collection it occurred to me that rock 'n roll is losing its sense of history. It's a disturbing thought.

There was a time when one could make a strong case for rock 'n roll as a running history of an expanding culture; the release of a new record by a significant artist was cause for parallel conversations in dorm rooms, communes, bedrooms across the country. There was anticipation and eagerness in waiting for the new Dylan electric album, or another Cream record, or the next Neil Young side, or the first from Jackson Browne. The release of an album was a special occasion and was greeted with something akin to wonder.

But as I sat on the floor cataloguing, alphabetizing, chronologizing, it became very clear to me that records had lost their magic and that I had somehow participated in bringing this unfortunate situation to pass.

Obviously, ten years ago there were thousands fewer records available. The "record-buying public" had hardly been discovered, had not truly been merchandised to. Then, and continuing until the last few years, it was still possible to contain easily in one's head the complete discography of, say, the Butterfield Blues Band or the Byrds. The albums were coming out fresh and enthusiastic, and so were the responses. And because one had to buy these records (the industry scourge, the "reviewer's copy," had not yet come along to turn a legitimate avocation into so many trading stamps) there was some passion involved in the selection process. I spent my money and *wanted*, real hard, for that record to be good. I'd sit up late nights immersing myself in albums I'd just taken home. These were romances!

But times have changed and I'll be the first to admit that my own responses to music have been dulled a bit from the pounding they've taken. I've found myself nodding at shows which would once have at least had my toe tapping; rejecting a record I would have dug more deeply into if there weren't a pile more next to it. The records which move me come fewer and farther between, and, though I accept some of the responsibility, I don't think I'm entirely to blame.

When studios were new, and track records were for the Belmont Stakes, each album had the potential to Change the World, and the good ones almost did. If an lp was just churned out it was obvious for its lack of drive, the absence of caring in its creation. Now it could be a cocaine drought in L.A. or management hassles. In most cases the purity is long gone.

On the perceiving end much the same thing has happened. There is such a rush to get a review out, and such a glut of "product" to be reviewed, that the passion which once delivered the final verdict on an album has been replaced with a clinical expertise or, worse, a glib dismissal. In the rush to be first, or hippest, the impulse to be keenly correct has all but gone under. Radio adds to the dullness, pushing new merchandise, playing the latest albums instead of the best. Of course, it's a business and what can you expect, but you don't have to forget about history just because they don't play it on the radio.

There are new records which occasion that kind of fervor, and fresh performances which bring out the best in you. I saw a Boz Scaggs show recently which left me breathless, and Bruce Springsteen never fails to make me fight back tears; the performances and responses are at once complex and simple. But they're special, perhaps, because they're so rare.

There is the fact that much of rock's audience is not all that much older than *Blonde on Blonde*. (I'm told that, as I write, six of the top ten tunes in Great Britain are Beatles reissues and the response there has been "Hey! These guys are better than the Bay City Rollers!") But that's even more reason for concern. Some records should not be allowed to get buried so easily. There may well be a cultural history here, and the culture ought not give up without a fight. For my part, I blare the Buffalo Springfield's *Last Time Around*, the Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds*, the Flying Burrito Brothers' *Close Up the Honky Tonks*, or any modern Stevie Wonder out the window any chance I get.

*—Peter Knobler*


# CRAWDADDY

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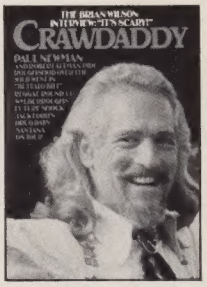


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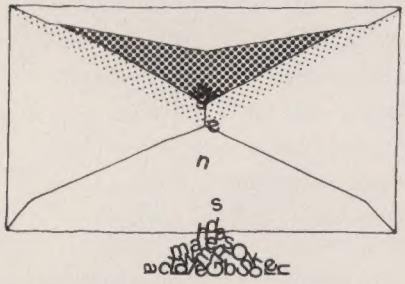
# LETTERS



**ABBIE DROPS A LINE**

I want to compliment Mr. Raskin on unearthing the marvelous legacy of the mysterious B. Traven *(May '76)*. I have been devouring his novels with mucho gusto. In my opinion, he was the world's greatest proletarian novelist. His life, though a mystery to others, seems crystal clear to me—a better world for all the planet's children. His life and art are worth emulating. I urge everyone to gobble up his books.

Also thanks to *Monsieur* Stu Albert and *Seno* Judy Gumbo for their excellent piece on Tom Hayden's candidacy. I heartily agree: Tommie's getting better and better. He deserves all our support. He's had mine from the beginning. And the beginning was way back when he was organizing consumer boycotts in Newark.

In all, the May issue was the best yet. Keep 'em coming! One suggestion: america, my kid, has written a beautiful short book with illustrations. Get it from Anita if you want. Thanks for printing my poem *(Nov. '75)*. Can I be travel editor?

*Abbie Hoffman*
*(address withheld)*

*(Stew Albert recognizes Abbie's handwriting and thus the legitimacy of this, the first letter-to-the-editor of Hoffman's underground existence. "I'm also sure it's him because he's* always *misspelled my name," Stew said. Abbie's appointment as travel editor has been confirmed, effective retroactively.*—Eds.*)*

As the publisher of many of Traven's books in the United States, I read with great interest Jonah Raskin's excellent essay. In his rundown of the books by Traven, however, he neglected to mention two titles which might interest your readers.

One is the recently published *The Kidnapped Saint and Other Stories* which, in addition to some fine stories, includes two items that reveal much about Traven the man—a personal reminiscence of her life with Traven by his widow, Rosa Elena Lujan, and an article by "Ret Marut," *In the Freest State in the World*, in which the young Traven describes his escape from almost certain death at the hands of the counter-revolutionists in Bavaria after World War I.

The other is *The White Rose*, a novel about the role of an American oil company in Mexico which has never been published in the United States.

*Lawrence Hill*
*Westport, Conn.*

My grandson Kenny reads *Crawdaddy* just about every issue. He showed me the photographs of Hal Croves [B. Traven]. I knew him years back. Why, we were engaged! I didn't know he was a writer and that he used all them other names. I met him in San Antonio, Texas before the war. He was a handsome man, worked on one of the ranches and came into town Friday nights. That's when I saw him. Thanks for your picture story.

*Aslang Johansey*
*Oakland, Ca.*

Readers might be interested in knowing that the little kid standing next to Humphrey Bogart in your B. Traven article is none other than Robert Blake, star of "Barretta." Bet you didn't know that!

*R. W. Kurowsky*
*Fords, N.J.*

*(Bet we did! We watch the Tonight Show too, sometimes.*—Eds.*)*

**FONZ, FONZ, FONZ**

I picked up your latest issue of *Crawdaddy* and I was so glad to see a picture of the "Fonz" on it (*April '76*)! I really like him so the article and pix were great to see. I also liked the info on Ron Howard. I think he also makes the show "Happy Days" along with Henry Winkler. You gave him the recognition he deserves because the show first evolved around him until he was gracious enough to let the "Fonz" be in the limelight more.

*Coleen Flanagan*
*West Lafayette, Ind.*

If Brian Wilson puts out an album *(May '76)*, it will be the album of the century. After three years . . . you can imagine what this God-gifted songwriter has done.

*Jim Bege*
*Bridgeport, Conn.*

**JIM CLASS**

In an article that pretends to be objective, Richard Blackburn's portrayal of the collegiate Jim Morrison *(May '76)* is, in a word, blind. Blackburn dwells heavily on Jim's drug use, dabs in some of the early mystery of his escapades, and somehow manages to condemn Morrison for achieving a fame he (Blackburn), missed. The only reason Morrison was in film school to begin with was because he was essentially a misfit and the film school was the closest thing he could work with. God knows for what reasons Blackburn attended, but he obviously didn't learn much about the roving eye.

Anyone who knew Jim saw that virtually every waking hour he was stoned on something. Any moron can see that and the slightest sleuthing will pipe up story upon story of Morrison's dazed careenings. But does anybody know why? Not because he doubted his sexuality. Not because of insecurities or immulations—but to get that *vision*. To see. And what he saw, what he tried to tell the world about was so terrifyingly real, so unreally terrifying, he couldn't even begin to drink it away. So it killed him. For us—he went looking and he found. And I'm damn sorry for anybody who doesn't even have the curiosity to get his facts right.

*Danny Sugerman*
*Beverly Hills, Ca.*

**LOVE HEARST**

Your tenth anniversary issue has conclusively proved that you are now an anachronism in the publishing world. Bruce Malamut's tired exhumation of the already over-eulogized Hendrix corpse, and your incredibly simplistic SLA panegyric, would indicate that a mercy killing is in order. Attempts to keep alive the hopes of 1967 are one thing, but lionizing fools and murderers makes me think that the flowers in your hair are somewhat wilted.

*Paul Maney*
*Colorado Springs, Colo.*

I just read your April issue with the article on Little and Remiro and it's nice to know that there still are people who have the balls and care enough to tell it like it is. Right on, Stew Albert and right on, *Crawdaddy*!

*A volunteer of America*
*Hialeah, Fla.*

**LAME EXCUSE**

In February, a young man, who had a crippled, deformed right hand, came door to door selling magazine subscriptions. Although I considered the prices quite high, I chose to help the young man and, upon his recommendation, I selected *Crawdaddy* for my 11-year-old

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Footnote for history buffs: This is the second of our nation's major anniversaries that Martin has helped celebrate. Our instruments were displayed at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. A replica of our Centennial Exhibitor's Certificate is included with each instrument.

**THE CF MARTIN ORGANISATION**
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daughter.

Yesterday we received the first issue and my husband and I were sickened. Fortunately the magazine was read before my daughter came home. It was not given to her. Depravity is a word which aptly describes this trashy attempt to appeal to modern youth. Under no circumstances send another copy.

*Jean Coolican*
*Annapolis, Md.*

**DIZZY DEAN**

Not to take up too much of your space, but concerning the Wustefeld-Bellah-Martinetti-James Dean controversy: contrary to Wustefeld's statement, Bellah is also mentioned in David Dalton's Dean bio, but Dalton spelled Bellah's name wrong. As Wustefeld originally pointed out in his article, David has trouble with his spelling—among other things.

*Ronald Martinetti*
*New York, N.Y.*

Fellow friends and Dead freaks: "Cat" is our friend *(April '76)*. If you have been in jail (prison) and know what it's like—if you want to give a brother support—then why not drop a line to Cat? I think many of us know where he's coming from. A friend of the devil is a friend of mine.

*A. Trucker*
*Oakland, Ca.*

How can Barbara Charone say that Genesis "may become the first major group to lose their visual focal point and go on to greater success" *(May '76)*. Hasn't she ever heard of Clyde McPhatter and The Drifters?

*Tad Richards*
*New York, N.Y.*

**SYLVIA'S FATHER**

No no no! Sylvia Plath's ("Suicide Under 30," *April '76)* father did not commit suicide. He was a Polish bee keeper who died of a circulatory illness in 1940, when Sylvia was 8. Stand corrected or I'll jump!

*Anthony Kulesa*
*Vermillion, S.D.*

Why recognize Vangelis now (*May '76*)? Why not earlier, with his previous solo album or with the much more inspired Aphrodite's Child? This isn't the first time a talent has become recognized only after he has sold out to bombastic commercialism.

*M.E.*
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

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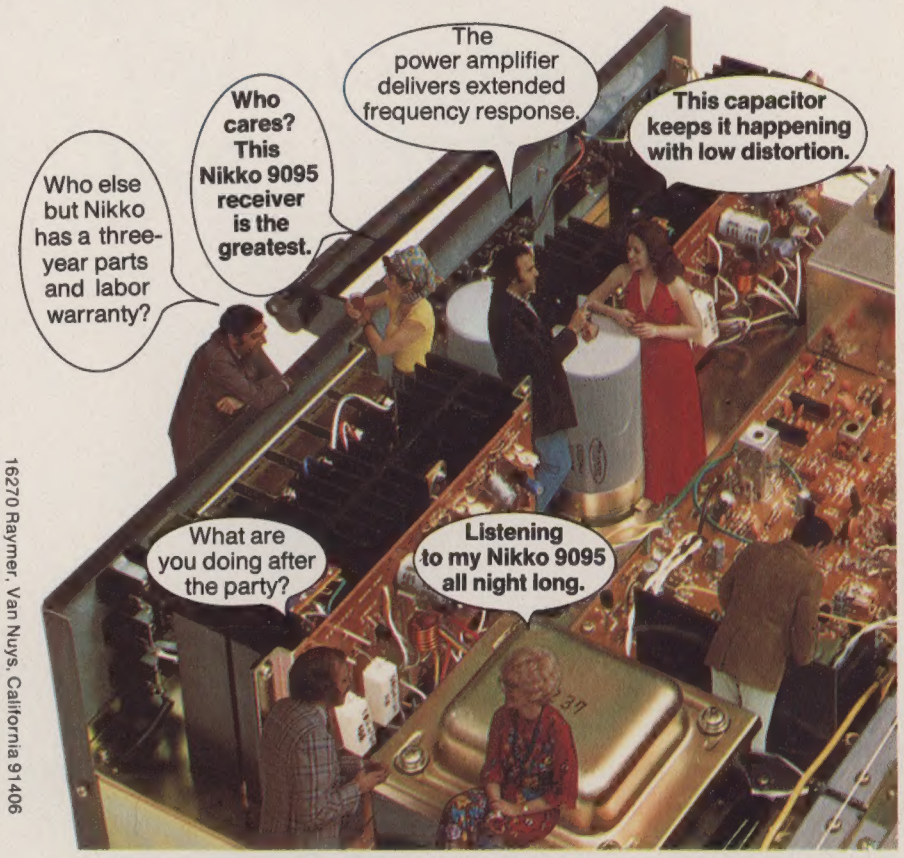
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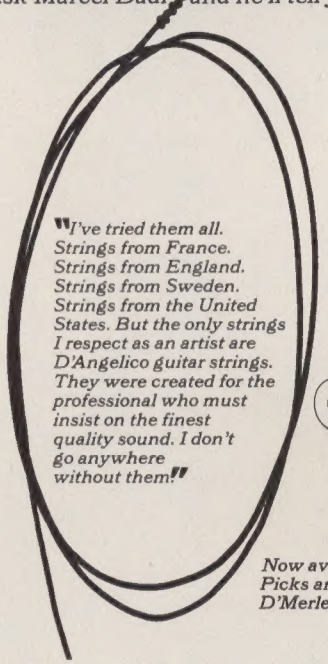

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# CRAWDADDY

## Features


**When Legends Die: Buffalo Bob & the Indians**
**34**

Democratic director Robert Altman follows up his *Nashville* extravaganza with a movie that may do to Paul Newman what *Last Tango* did for Brando. Geraldine Chaplin, E.L. Doctorow, Burt Lancaster, Harvey Keitel, Will Sampson and a host of other Cowboys & Indians improvise like crazy but collide head-on with history. "Like Sitting Bull," says Altman, "we'll probably be slaughtered."
Jim Trombetta

**Brian Wilson Part II: Escaping from The Endless Bummer**
**42**

For the first time—at home with the lonely lifeguard of the Beach Boys. After a ride around Deadman's Curve, Brian ushers us inside the Big Wall to shoot some hoops, take a ride on the Shoot-the-Chute and talk about being "out of it." The final word on *Smile*. The first word on the new oldies album. Plus: more mystery and intrigue. *The Marilyn Wilson Story*. Will Warner Bros. let him make a solo album? Does he care? "Boy! Where *is* my memory? Now *what* was I thinking of?"
Timothy White

**Three Nightmare Visions**
**55**

What's going to happen when shit, smack and the CIA *really* hit the fan. Read at your own risk.
William S. Burroughs

## Crossroads

**Brand new Orleans, a double Dip of Santana, Dion's latest comeback and America's bicentennial plans.**
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## Records


**Marley, Toots & Big Youth, Zep, Weather Report, Cocker, Crotch-Rock and the Return of the Grievous Angel** **65**

# THE NAKED EMPEROR

**Paul Krassner**

Dear Phil,

You always liked irony, so you'll appreciate the fact that for years I've been trying to get a transcript of that infamous Joe Pyne TV show—the one where I asked him if he took off his wooden leg when he made love with his wife. Well, I finally got my CIA files, and the transcript of that interview is included.

That was in July, 1967. We had just helped celebrate another symbolic War Is Over rally with tear gas and bloodstains to remind us that, as far as all those Vietnam veterans who became L.A. cops were concerned, the war was not over, it had merely been relocated.

Now Joe Pyne's interview with me was concluded, you were standing at the microphone in the audience, and he asked me a question with his usual theatrical hostility.

*PYNE*: "Isn't it true that the man that is now in the dock is known to you as one of the leaders of the hippie revolution?"

*KRASSNER*: "No, he's known to me as a folk singer."

*PYNE*: "Uh-huh. Mr. Ochs, are you a hippie?"

*OCHS*: "No."

*PYNE*: "Do you play for the hippies, mostly?"

*OCHS*: "No, I—I play for everybody . . . ."

I remember the strange twists and twirls of our friendship. You and I were planning to open a Vietnamese restaurant some day, where Viet Cong in uniform—black pajamas, presumably—would be admitted free of charge, only we never got around to it because we were both too busy catching the clap from Susan Brustman, who invented the word "teenybopper."

A dozen years ago, Jerry Rubin was organizing the first big teach-in at Berkeley, and I suggested that you be there as a between-speeches sort of troubadour. Jerry had never heard of you, but he trusted my praise, and you helped change the nature of protest.

"The purpose of a demonstration," you said—and demonstrated—"should be to turn people on, not off."

I don't know how many times we marched together, sometimes even to the accompaniment of "I Aint A-Marchin' Anymore." When you sang that at Lyndon Johnson's Unbirthday Party during the Chicago Convention in '68, people throughout the audience started spontaneously burning their draft cards to the cheers of thousands.

It was, you later admitted, "the most exciting moment" of your career.

Subsequently you were to be denounced on the stage of Carnegie Hall by Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. You had dedicated a song to the memory of Bobby Kennedy, and they contended that Sirhan Sirhan was a freedom fighter, thereby perpetuating the government's own mythology.

BOB GROSSE

But everybody eventually kissed and made up. Jerry Rubin had turned you on to LSD—although you were too much of a boozer ever to become a full-fledged acid-head—and you and Jerry and Stew Albert went to Chile, where you met your Chilean counterpart, Victor Jara, who was later to be tortured for a couple of days, his guitar-playing fingers cut off as a final horrendous gesture before they executed him and buried the body in a huge pile of our tax money.

***

On the evening of Friday, April 9th, I participated in a Delancey Street Game, which is one of those encounter-type settings where everybody turns into Joe Pyne to see if they can break through your ego defenses. You have to promise not to indulge in any kind of dope that day, although they permit cigarette smoking and coffee drinking.

There was a certain element of absurdity. When I had gotten the call inviting me, I remarked that it would probably be an appropriate way to celebrate my birthday, but please not to mention it because I thought that birthdays are the lowest form of ego, so of course it was mentioned and everybody sang "Happy Birthday" against my will, just to punish me for having tried to keep a secret from the group.

When I got home that night I heard on the news that you had hanged yourself and I cried the tears that they had tried to make me shed earlier at that artificial Game.

The next day I went to see the state championship wrestling matches with Ken Kesey, his son Zane, and Stewart Brand. Each reacted to your death through their own particular filtering system.

Stewart Brand did not indulge in sentimental grief. "Oh, singers," he remarked. "They're just below waiters in the statistics."

Kesey simply lit up a joint and complained about those journalists who write that he lit up a joint without ever explaining that it was they who handed him the joint.

Zane didn't say anything at all. He just found a piece of rope, tied it into a hangman's noose and hung it from my ceiling. Weeks have gone by; I guess I can take it down now.

Jehanah, a hippie earth mother, said that maybe you wanted to go out and play in the universe again.

Gerard, a magician, upon hearing that you had killed yourself because the words weren't coming anymore, wondered why you hadn't realized that there was more to life than lyrics.

You had forgotten the pleasures of the harbor. So I bought some flowers from the flower lady. Love me, I'm a liberal. Changes. A small circle of friends. Shit, Phil, I'll bet you did it just so they'd start playing your fuckin' records on the radio again.

The irony of your death is that of all the performing artists who the government *should've* murdered, you went and did their dirty trick *for* them.

The tragedy is that you ultimately accepted the very American mystique of productivity which you had always abhorred so much.

***

Joe Pyne was trying to give me a hard time about a photo I had reprinted from the *Reader's Digest* showing Jimmy Durante standing behind a crippled child and apparently dry-humping him.

*PYNE*: "I won't give this man's name, but he's probably one of the most beloved stars in all of the history of entertainment, and some time ago he posed for what obviously was an Easter Seal picture with a crippled child on crutches —a child that looks to be about maybe a year and a half—and the—whatever in-

formation there was about that picture has been cropped and Krassner has put on the top: 'Soft Core Pornography of the Month,' and below indicates that the man is a child molester."

*KRASSNER*: "Now, let me explain that."

*PYNE*: "And this is what I mean about how—how this man can take everything that is decent and—and worthwhile and twist it into something that is—Marquis de Sade looked like a Boy Scout compared to you."

*KRASSNER*: "Well, let me just explain that. The—the beloved movie star you're talking about is—"

*PYNE*: "Don't—"

*KRASSNER*: "—obviously—"

*PYNE*: "—mention his name, please!"

*KRASSNER*: "No, I wouldn't mention his name—obviously is not a child molester, we all know that. The point of this whole feature—continuing feature called 'Soft Core Pornography of the Month'—is simply to point out that obscenity exists only in the mind of the beholder, and that people can take a tender scene like that and find something dirty in it, if they wish."

*PYNE*: "Where do you say all that, Mr. Krassner? All you do say is 'Soft Core Pornography of the Month' on the top, and then you say 'Peterofilia in the Reader's Digest' on the bottom."

*KRASSNER*: "It's pedophilia, Joe."

*PYNE*: "Yes."

*KRASSNER*: "Well, do you think for a moment that anybody's going to take that seriously, and think we're actually accusing that beloved movie star—"

*PYNE*: "Well, I have such respect for this man that I take it seriously . . . . [*later, to you, Phil*]: And what about the photograph that makes a famous and beloved Hollywood star out to be a child molester. Were you fooled by that?"

*OCHS*: "What's that?"

*PYNE*: "Were you fooled by that?"

*OCHS*: "You sure have me. I think—"

*PYNE*: "You like that kind of thing, do you?"

*OCHS*: "Ah, yes."

*PYNE*: "It may happen to you some time in a similar rag."

*OCHS*: "It may well, but I—"

*PYNE*: "If your career ever rises to the point where you're as famous as and as loved as this particular man, you'll have more of a reputation to guard than you have now. . . . Goodbye, Mr. Ochs. Take a walk. . . ."

Yeah, Phil, see ya later. Jeez, the least you could've done was leave a suicide song.

Love, Paul ■


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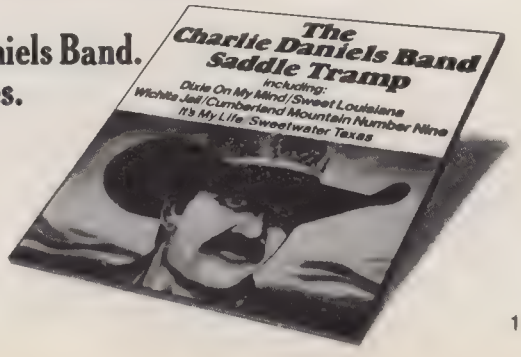


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# AUDIOHM

**W. Arkin Kanner**

The audio industry has come a long way since Saul Marantz built amplifiers in his basement; it has matured and gotten slicker. One of the major forces in this change is Bernie Mitchell, President of U.S. Pioneer Electronics and former head of the Institute of High Fidelity (IHF), the trade association for the stereo business.

Mitchell best typifies the audio manufacturer who is not an engineer designing circuits for other engineers, but a manager able to appeal to a broad market for his goods and skillfully sell to that market. He is a prime mover of the great change that has overtaken the high fidelity field and raised it from childhood into adulthood as a mature, sophisticated and profitable segment of a total economy.

While he is not solely responsible, he represents a group of managers who have made better equipment available to more people at a lower cost. Good high fidelity equipment is no longer the province of the longhairs or the engineers or the rich. Good stereo sound is available to most people who can afford to buy a color television set, and that is something relatively new.

That change is recognized by the industry, as the target for its goods has changed. "Six years ago," Mitchell told me, "we had this attitude that we only wanted to sell our product to a certain select group of people who had to qualify somehow intellectually and technologically. We wouldn't even bother with the 'Great Unwashed.' We didn't want to sell our stuff to kids or to ordinary people, only to super people. It was a real elitist attitude, and terribly dangerous. If the merchandise is as good as we say it is—and it is—and it does to music what we say it does, which is reproduce it almost perfectly, then my God we have to tell everybody and let people know that there's a better way to live. You can have Bob Dylan come into your house and perform! And *well!* Certainly as perfect as you could hear him in Madison Square Garden. We've changed it from an elitist business that didn't really want to grow to an industry that has some pride in itself and its products and says, 'These products are so good we won't be happy until we tell everybody.'"

Nonetheless, Pioneer was in the forefront of protecting Fair Trade Laws where they existed. This aggressive defense of maintaining prices was seen by many as a regressive and restrictive force in the market. It limited who could buy products to those who could afford the artificially-maintained price levels. The vigor of Pioneer's legal action to support Fair Trade is seen in some quarters as one of the major reasons for the repeal of such laws, first on a state-by-state basis and then nationally.

Mitchell says that when Pioneer began its defense of Fair Trade, the audio business was supported by 3000 dealers, mostly "Mama and Papa" stores, which were not terribly sophisticated in a business sense. Their margin had to be protected so that they could adequately "tell the story of hi-fi."

"Fair Trade, by and large, was a bad concept, but for hi-fi, it was terribly important," continued Mitchell. "Tariffs are bad, but small nations need them to protect themselves while they grow or they'll never be able to start. Fair Trade is not a sound concept on most merchandise, but something was needed to protect this infant hi-fi industry while it grew and Fair Trade was all that was around, and I believed in it very, very strongly. I never thought it would last forever and I never thought it had to. It ended before I wanted it to, but not much before. There are a lot of good dealers out there who can't withstand the juggernaut of some of these more unscrupulous guys. There are pirates out there whose attitude is 'I will price so low that I will kill everybody.'"

To one of the perennial questions asked of anyone in the audio business, "What kind of breakthroughs do you see down the road?" Mitchell replies, "Technological breakthroughs have become so common in the hi-fi business that we can have major ones now and they go unnoticed. Direct-drive turntables—that was a tremendous breakthrough. That took a product that for years was a horse-and-buggy type of product and suddenly blew it away. Look at the technology in three years from 'rim drive' to 'belt drive' to 'direct drive,' to 'direct-drive quartz with phase lock loop.' These are products that, other than space shots, are the most perfect products that the world's ever built. Here's a device that's supposed to spin a record at 33 1/3 rpm and you can adjust it so finely that the device is better capable of doing what it's supposed to do than the human fingers, and the deviation from

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perfection isn't the fault of the turntable, it's the fault of the human eye and the human finger. You can make it perfect if you're good enough with your eye and your finger to make it perfect. A perfect product. What a revolution that is!"

And the revolution in technology has been followed closely by the audio-buying public. Once the message of technological advance got through, the buying habits of many audiophiles changed. Mitchell points out that three years ago the record playing market was 95% changers and 5% single-play turntables; now it's 55% single-play units and 45% changers. "Somebody out there," he comments, "was listening."

In receivers, Mitchell says, the same technological advances can be shown, but the advances are having another effect as well. "Look what's happened. Ten years ago we had a great receiver with 20 watts for $500. We've had so many advances that we can offer a receiver with a lower price and triple the performance. And that's despite inflation that's been at 10% a year for five years. That's astonishing! Look what's happened to the automobile industry; in the same period of time the price has doubled and the cars are worse."

Bernie Mitchell is not a devotee of "fancy" equipment with lots of gimmicks. Many companies, including Pioneer, have had some pretty technologically-advanced products that have failed in the market place: Fisher had a pushbutton tuner ten years ago; digital tuners have been around for several years and have a very small audience; Pioneer had a signal-strength seeking tuner which would "home" in on the strongest signal. The relative failure of these products is not a failure of the audiophile to grab at new or advanced technology but, according to Mitchell, a basic misunderstanding on the part of the manufacturer.

"The market's attitude toward that kind of thing has been, 'You don't understand who we are. Don't make it easier; make it better.' There's not much drama in phase lock loop, but phase lock loop makes tuners better. It's harder than hell to tell people that, but I think in the long run the guys who submit to looking for a gimmick to get their sales up are not going to be successful and the guys who don't submit to that and do engineering like phase lock loop that really make the performance better, even though it's enormously difficult to tell the story, are going to win. This is a market that's extremely responsive to reality. It's not the kind of market where a businessman wants to try and trick the customers. They're too bright."

What's on Pioneer's drawing board for products for the fall? Some new receivers and new cassette decks, but Mitchell says that we'll have to wait for the product introduction in order to learn more. One item he is willing to discuss is a new crossover network. "We have one in the line now and it sells 35 pieces a month and we're going to introduce another one in a few months. It'll be a little cheaper and maybe we'll sell 75 pieces a month. And while it's certainly not profitable, if we don't build and sell them, nobody will. But a lot of people can go out and buy crossover networks and start playing around with bi-amping and tri-amping and building their own speaker systems, doing things they couldn't otherwise do, and have fun. That's what we've been trying to talk them into doing for all these years. God knows that if that's what we've told them to do, then we better have the products for them to do it with."

Quality of radio broadcasts is a subject that interests Mitchell, both as a manufacturer and as a listener. Since the sales of receivers and tape decks are directly related to quality of signal and programming, his manufacturer's instincts tell him to monitor the dial. But he is not just a perceptive businessman; Mitchell is an avid music lover whose taste runs the gamut from rock performers like Queen, Bob Dylan and the Who to classical music of all types. "Quality of broadcasting is not as good as it should be. There are less than ten stations in the country that broadcast a real, true, high-fidelity signal, but certainly the quality of FM is enormously better than the quality of AM.

"There are a whole lot of devices to combat poor signal quality," Mitchell continued. "DBX and Pioneer's RG-1 Dynamic Processor and all sorts of Dolby devices. I know that that doesn't solve the problem, and that broadcasting is not as good as it should be, but there are still some awfully good programs. Take the Texaco Opera broadcasts. Think what that does for the world. It takes a guy in Des Moines, Iowa, whose only way to get involved in an opera is to buy an airline ticket, and gives him a live opera every week during the season. King Biscuit Flower Hour does the same thing for live rock concerts. But radio stations will only spend the money to improve their signals when the figures which currently produce sales of 12 million pocket transistor radios and only one million hi-fi sets are reversed. When hi-fi starts selling three or four million systems a year and we can say 'Hey fellas, look at this!' then they'll do it. There's no use making a better signal when most people are listening to it on a car radio with a six-inch oval speaker."

If Merrill Lynch is bullish on America, Bernie Mitchell is a whole stampede on audio. "The next five years are going to be exciting. There's a change coming that's really a revolution. The audio industry will not only change, but in a very real sense it will disappear. There are three industries out there which are completely separate and distinct and different, and they're going to run together. The audio industry running along its own line; the music industry that's doing its own thing; and there's the video tape or video disc industry that's just being born and is terribly small. And there's a fourth—the big-screen television industry [Advent and others]. All four of those are entirely separate now, but before five years has passed they're all going to come together. You're going to have a disc that has better audio performance than records have now. You're going to have an audio/video combination system probably with a big-screen projector in your living room, so that when you go out and buy a Mick Jagger record, it'll be a record of a live concert in Madison Square Garden. And you'll have Mick Jagger, all 6'1" tall, standing right there on the stage in your living room, and audio and video *better* than at Madison Square Garden if you bought a good ticket for fifty bucks from a scalper. And it's going to happen in five years. It really is!

"And not just rock. That guy in Des Moines will be able to not only hear an opera, he'll be able to see one as well. He'll be able to see it as well as he could see it in the Family Circle at the Metropolitan Opera House. That's going to do two things. It's going to make an enormous difference to the consumer who will say, 'God, look what's available to me now!' but it's also going to save art in America. That's going to save the Met. They are so close to the edge that they could fall off any time. So is every symphony orchestra, opera company and ballet company in the country—and suddenly these companies are going to make money. The combination is going to make better entertainment for consumers and better art."

Bernie Mitchell is dedicated to his industry and his audience. He is a new breed of executive in the audio business who brings passion to everything he does and has changed forever the industry that he believes will soon change America—for the better. ■

# The Unknown Giant.

If we asked, "Who's the biggest manufacturer of blank audio recording tape in the world?," chances are you'd answer Scotch or Memorex or BASF. And you know what? You'd be wrong! It's a company you've probably never heard of. AudioMagnetics. Even if you haven't heard our name, though, you've probably bought some of our tape. AudioMagnetics sells more than 6 million miles of tape a year... under 118 different brand names in 70 different countries. That's a lot of reels, cartridges and cassettes, trivia fans. And all of it has one thing in common — uncommon value. Quite simply, AudioMagnetics makes better tape for the price than anyone else around. You'll find this value in the tapes we pack for leading audio and retail chains as well as tape we sell under our own brands such as Tracs, AudioMagnetics and XHE. In an industry where big does mean better, isn't it nice to know who the giant is?

## AudioMagnetics

World's largest producer of blank recording tape

# ORLEANS' CONCEPTUAL VISION: LIVING IN A MUSICAL DREAM WORLD

**LOS ANGELES**—From *Pet Sounds* to *Tommy* and beyond, the rock 'n' roll concept album has proven to be an object of unflagging fascination for the record-buying public as well as the composers themselves, who frequently undertake such projects in pursuit of the sense of artistic fulfillment that their last three-minute smash single failed to provide.

Superstardom isn't required to pull it off. After all, Eagles was just another posse of tumbleweed tunesmiths until they rustled up *Desperado*, so why shouldn't another group of hit-prone newcomers—Orleans, for instance—take a shot at totality?

"The danger with most concept albums is that if you're too obvious about it, people will attack you on the basis of the concept, rather than the music itself," reasons Johanna Hall. "I can understand why people do that; you're telling them what to *think* and they resent it. Rather than coming on like know-it-alls, it should be more of a mutual exploration, and that's what we tried to do with our new album, *Waking and Dreaming*."

The tone of this assertion by the 31-year-old lyricist for Orleans is one of pride tempered by pre-release butterflies. Johanna sits in the comfy two-room Sunset Marquis suite presently serving as a home-away-from-Saugerties (N.Y.) for lead guitarist-vocalist John Hall and herself while the band records at The Sound Factory.

Expanding on a comment made earlier by John that Orleans no longer wants to concentrate exclusively on singles—"because then you have one cut-and-dried three-minute package after another"—she admits the group felt a bit constrained by the tight, hit-minded format on their previous album, *Let There Be Music*, even though the approach paid off on "Dance With Me," the lovely, harmony-clad Hall collaboration that breezed into the Top Five last summer.

"The chief criticism of our records seems to be: 'Why don't they loosen up and stretch out a bit?" she confides. "On *Waking and Dreaming* [produced by Chuck Plotkin], we came up with material that allows me a little more freedom as a writer and gives the group more of an opportunity to demonstrate their virtuosity, rocking around some like they do on stage."

Orleans' Apollonian style, sophisticated in the manner of Little Feat, has won them an enthusiastic following that includes such notables as Linda Ronstadt, who has recorded "Give One Heart," the lilting reggae cut on *Music*, for her own forthcoming lp. Fans accustomed to the airy conciseness of the Woodstock-based band need not fear a two-song jam-o-rama on their second Asylum lp, however, as Johanna assures the execution of the concept was "quite a bit more disciplined than that."

"That basic idea behind the record is introduced in the six-minute title cut, which concerns a person who is asleep and dreaming," she explains. "And the moody music reflects that, with lots of lush, flowing harmonies and nice guitar work. Then the song moves into a long instrumental portion where Larry [Hoppen] and John trade guitar solos while Wells [Kelly] plays organ; that's followed by a 'waking' section that begins with a crashing chord and then takes off with a funky uptempo beat with great bass by Lance [Hoppen] and drumming by Jerry Marotta, who's a new member."

The subject is a novel one, and the song's open-ended lyrics leave plenty of room for personal interpretation:

*Dreaming again*
*Asleep in his bed*
*A river of visions*
*Runs through his head*

*Strange as it seems*
*This chaos of dreams*
*Can change the course*
*And shape of things*

*© 1976 Siren Music*

"The rest of the album is divided into 'waking' and 'dreaming' songs," says Johanna. "And the titles are pretty much indicative of that. The 'awake' songs have names like 'What I Need,' 'Reach,' and 'If I Don't Have You.' The 'asleep' songs are more freeform, with escapist images: 'Golden State,' 'Sails,' 'The Path,' and one called 'Siam Sam,' about a guy who packs up and leaves his home and friends to go off to Siam with his cat, Sam."

What sparked this bold and fanciful departure from the band's customary studio tactics?

"The whole thing grew out of a suggestion from Rich Chiaro, who's part of our management [Cavallo-Ruffalo]," she reveals. "Rich used to manage Laura Nyro, and he told John and I that we should sit down with the tunes we had for the new album and do what Laura used to do, which was to look closely at all her material to see if there wasn't some natural sequence there, a single inner thread running through all of it. We had never considered anything like that and thought, 'Why not?'

"The 'waking and dreaming' thing just entered my mind while we were examining our songs, and I wrote a five-page essay on what those two states meant to me, viewing them as the

BARRY SCHULTZ/PAUL PLUMADOR

*Stairway to a waking dream: (l.to.r.) Larry Hoppen, Lance Hoppen, the Halls, J. Marotta, Kelly.*

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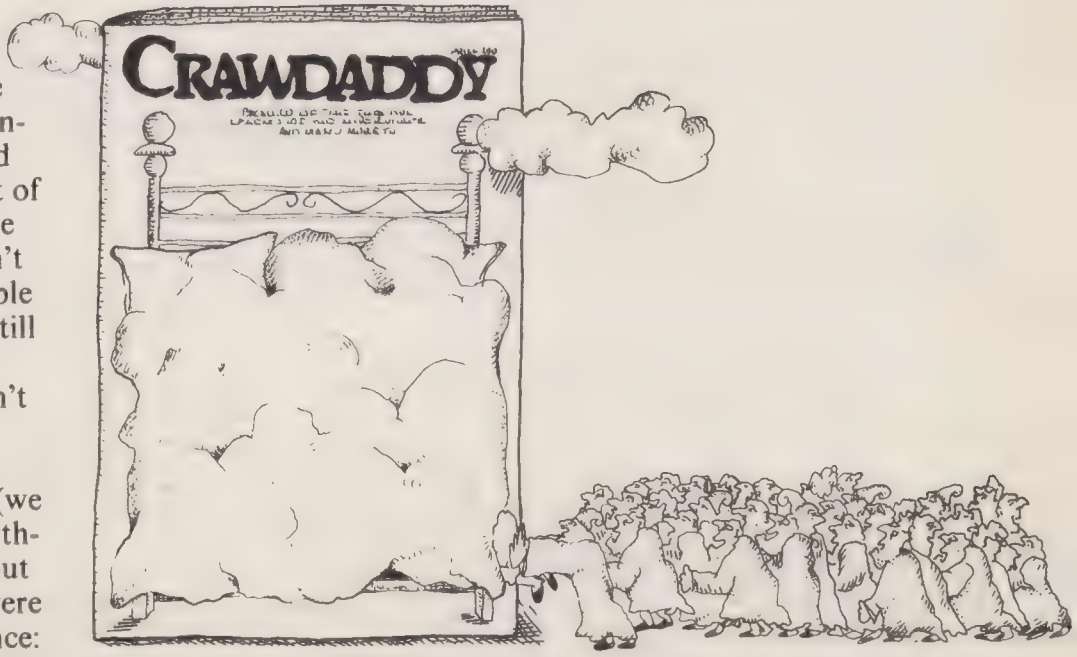


**CRAWDADDY**, the magazine of music, entertainment, politics, literature and popular culture touches a lot of ground in a lot of ways. We have to. Because if it weren't for the wide variety of people who write for us, and the still wider variety of people we write about, we just wouldn't be the lively magazine you're reading right now.

In the last ten years (we just celebrated our tenth birthday) we've made an issue out of things most magazines were afraid to hint at. For instance: we broke the Bruce Springsteen story TWO FULL YEARS before the rest of the media "discovered" his formidable talents. When everyone else was talking about FBI and CIA chicanery, we found the "smoking gun"—the first positive proof of domestic spying, which led to a $400,000 lawsuit against the U.S. government. And while everyone else was chasing next week's superstars, we directed our efforts at *re*-discovering Janis Ian and Brian Wilson.

We've highlighted Hollywood people, Washington people, Woodstock people, Nashville people. The living, the missing, the dead. No two have ever been quite the same. So when we highlight the comedic talents of Diane Keaton, the music of Bob Marley and the Wailers, the mind musings of William Burroughs and the on-tour hoopla of The Who in the same issue of **CRAWDADDY**, that's just our own way of practicing what we preach: it takes a lot of strange bedfellows to make one **CRAWDADDY**.

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07

# You can buy a better turntable.

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# But you can't buy a better, less expensive turntable.

The trouble with inexpensive turntables is that they're usually not very good. And the trouble with good turntables is that they're usually very expensive.

Unlike most such dilemmas in the world of commerce, this one is capable of a satisfactory solution. Because Pioneer has just come out with the PL-112D. And you can own it for under $100.*

Admittedly, the PL-112D doesn't feature some of the ultrasophisticated goodies dear to the heart of the audio perfectionist. But it does meet the one indispensable requirement in a quality turntable.

It adds nothing to and takes nothing from the sound of a high-fidelity system.

At the price, that's a minor miracle. It means you can use the PL-112D even with high-priced receivers, amplifiers or speakers. It won't make them sound less good.

*For informational purposes only. The actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

The construction details tell the story. The platter isn't one of those pressed-steel affairs. It's die-cast in aluminum alloy. The S-shaped tubular tone arm is finished like a precision instrument and has a full set of adjustable controls. The base is both handsome and solid as a rock.

But the heart of the PL-112D is a belt-drive system, powered by a 4-pole synchronous motor. It maintains outstanding speed stability and keeps the rumble level down to −50 dB (by the super-stringent JIS standard). Wow and flutter are below 0.07%. Those would be respectable figures for a turntable costing twice as much.

As we said, however, you can buy a better turntable. Like the fantastic new Pioneer PL-510 with direct drive, for under $200* (Rumble level −60 dB!)

And you can also buy a less expensive turntable. But not from us. We don't make one.

Because anything less than the Pioneer PL-112D isn't high fidelity.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

'intuitive' vs. the 'cognitive', and 'attack' vs. 'escape' and so on. I took the thoughts I came up with in the essays and turned them into the title song; the rest of the songs were written or positioned with the first in mind."

Another thing Orleans kept in mind was the necessity for a single. Back when their last album was completed, the group wanted "Dance With Me" to be their first 45 off it, but Asylum disagreed, choosing instead, "Let There Be Music." But when it met with a lukewarm reception, "Dance With Me" was trotted out, sold a healthy 750,000 copies and boosted the album's lagging sales. The group feels the lp lost a lot of momentum in the marketplace as a result of that early indiscretion; this time they're determined to select a suitable single right from the git-go.

The prime contenders are the R&B-tinged "Spring Fever," written by Larry Hoppen and Marilyn Mason, which features a sax solo by Michael Brecker, and a J&J Hall effort entitled "Still The One."

"I'm prejudiced," says Johanna with a laugh, "but I think that 'Still The One,' is the best bet, because it's a love song with a melody that's immediately accessible. You hum it the first time you hear it—even your mother would like it!"

"For the last four years, all this band has done is play and record, with practically *no* time off," John rules, "and if this album is a commercial and critical success, the biggest dividend would be a boost in confidence and self-esteem.

"Just for one second, all of us would like to feel we made a great record the public can really appreciate. We'll be getting a push on it from the record company that we might not get again and we want to make sure we hold up our end of the bargain. Our eyes are wide open, and if it really happens this time, we want to pinch ourselves and *know* it's *not* a dream."

*—Timothy White*

# THE ICE CREAM MAN COMETH

**LACROSSE, WISC.**— "Everything OK with the Dip?"

The New Santana Band's road manager, Arnie Pustilnik, is inquiring after Devadip Carlos Santana's comfort. He stands wearily at the front desk of a Holiday Inn which could be anywhere in the country but happens to sit here in LaCrosse. Ray Etzler, Santana's personal road manager, bodyguard, amateur psychologist, traveling general practitioner and, most of all, friend, is calm. The flight in from Fargo, North Dakota had been rough and the band is finally sleeping soundly.

Etzler is using his moments of silence to read a *Rolling Stone* cover story written at the beginning of Santana's tour, when they were playing with a new percussionist, Francisco Aguabella. "That's what you get for putting the cart before the horse," he sighs as he reads the glowing reports of how well the new percussionist was working out. Francisco Aguabella had been fired after three dates. "He just didn't fit in," Etzler explains. "We'd originally wanted a timbales player so Ndugu [Leon Chancler] didn't have to double on drums and timbales, and Armando Peraza wasn't feeling well at the beginning of the tour, so we hired Francisco even though he was more of a conga player. But he turned out not to be the timbales player we needed, the band sounded too busy, so he had to go."

Etzler confirms that the band has changed its evil ways. "They never really party," he explains, rather bemusedly. "None of them smoke, or even drink that much. A few of them may get laid more than the others, but that's as far as it goes. Their pace is just too demanding—it takes great concentration to be able to play the kind of music they want to make. Ndugu said something half in jest in an interview about feeling that your playing isn't affected if you have too much sex the night before, but it's true that you don't have the energy to play as well if you expend too much of it partying. . . ."

Etzler knew Santana before his conversion into a disciple of Sri Chinmoy, and maintains that the psychic alteration has been good for the band leader. "I'm a practicing cynic," he admits. "I'll be the one to say 'Let's throw him in the pool to see if he can walk on water, *then* I'll believe.' But Carlos

*Carlos: soon to be* stoned?

has been changed for the better as a result of his guru. If he lost patience with a person he used to say 'Cancel him!' just like that. Now he's more open. Sometimes he'll be really blown out on a tour and he'll take a couple of days off, go see the guru, and come back all energized.

"Whatever the reason, this group is better now than they've ever been since I've known them. The most talented people are always the most insecure, and Carlos has had his share of self-doubts. I think a big turning point for him was the Eric Clapton tour. Clapton openly praised his playing, which really brought him out because he's always admired Clapton and McLaughlin, thought they were better than him. Carlos is soloing with a lot more confidence now, mixing his ideas well—'Samba Pa Ti' used to be pretty much what all his solos sounded like, but he's really matured as a musician as well as a person."

Santana has assembled a band which once again promises to redefine his musical limits. *Amigos*, the tenth Santana album, incorporates all the facets of the group's best moments, combining the soulful dance rhythms of their earliest days with the playing sophistication they subsequently developed. Two holdovers from the last band provide a solid foundation: Tom Coster, an extraordinary keyboardist whose influence on the new record is even more pervasive than Santana's, and Armando Peraza, recognized in many circles as the greatest conga player in the world (his collaboration with Mongo Santamaria created the kind of musical

'THE BAND IS GOING TO FALL IF WE DON'T HAVE A GOAL... I COULD GIVE MUSIC UP AND BE A GOOD DISHWASHER'

energy which originally inspired the Santana band).

Drummer Ndugu Leon Chancler is the band's prime mover, not just through his intense playing and influence on *Amigos* but as a counterforce to Santana's personality. He lives to this day in the black Los Angeles ghetto of Watts, and came to Santana from a stint with Miles Davis. He is tough, wary and survival-oriented, a striking contrast to Devadip's spirituality. The band's two newest members were brought in through Chancler—bassist Byron Miller from the Roy Ayers band, and singer Greg Walker, an old acquaintance from Watts. This is the band whose grueling tour schedule will take them to virtually every American major concert area by the year's end, and on the road with the Rolling Stones.

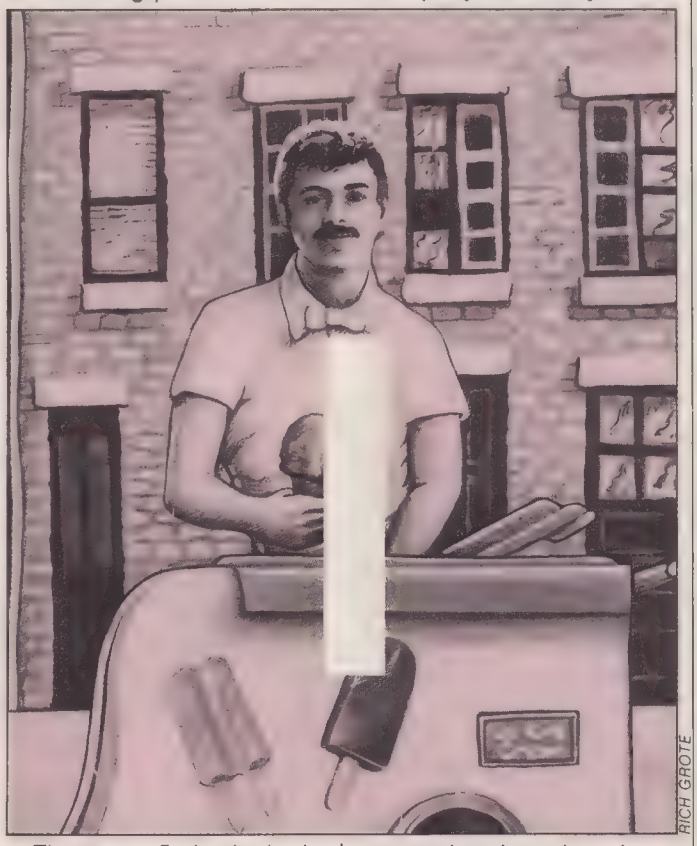
Another generally acknowledged reason for the band's renaissance is the active management role as-

sumed by Bill Graham. "Graham really got Columbia to jump through hoops," Etzler beams, and the results are obvious. *Amigos* promises to be the largest-selling Santana album, and Graham was instrumental in setting up the Rolling Stones dates. But there's a subtle by-product of this relationship—Graham had felt that the band wasn't communicating to their audience, that Devadip's devotional interest and the band's general sophistication were not what "the people" wanted to hear from Santana. So there's this touchy area about commerciality. Nobody's really sure how to explain it, but everybody agrees that *Amigos* is the answer, whether or not it's the "music of the streets" it's been advertised as. The obvious discrepancy is that street music is far from devotional. "What do you see on the streets?" Ndugu asks. "People partying, people getting down and having a good time. There's a liquor store on every corner, and the church is never far away either."

Ndugu, Walker and Miller form a clique within the band that keeps their energy high and their attitude lighthearted. They have little use for Sri Chinmoy. They're happy with *Amigos*, but have their reservations. Some of Walker's vocals were edited out without him knowing it, and he wishes the band would better utilize his vocal potential.

Tom Coster, Devadip's conceptual partner and closest friend in the band, has his own evaluation of their commercial dilemma. "The musician's growth is greater than the listener's," he reasons, "so we must be careful not to go too far over their heads. But the basic criticism is that we are too jazz-oriented, but music is moving in that direction anyway, which benefits jazz-era people like us. I enjoy playing some of the more simple things I'm required to do, and when I solo I do get a chance to get out there, so I'm pleased at what I'm able to do within our structure."

Much of the structure is supported by Devadip Carlos Santana's embrace of Sri Chinmoy. Santana's devotion has slammed head-on into rock 'n roll cynicism and, more than any proclivity toward jazz, probably has brought on his recent decline in popularity. But he sincerely believes it helps him live the kind of life he wants. "In '69 when Larry Coryell told me about meditation, I didn't wanna hear about it. I was into snakeskin boots and smoking pot."



RICH GROTE

The young Carlos had a lot to prove. "My father had been a musician so I was exposed to music early, but I never thought of playing in a band until I was angry enough. I worked in Tic Tocks in San Francisco, I was a dishwasher there, and I was very angry because I was doing my job so well that they fired the other guy who was working with me and I had to do the work of two. Then one night I saw the Grateful Dead pull up to the Fillmore in limousines and I said to myself, 'If they can do it, I can do it.'" Together with a bunch of friends, Carlos formed a blues band, and when they ran into a conga player who introduced them to fiery Latin songs like "Jingo" and "Soul Sacrifice" the band developed their own sound.

After accomplishing what he set out to do, Carlos was still unhappy. "I used to get angry a lot, so I got my way a lot. I remember feeling that I always wanted to be in someone's arms. It was because of me that the original band broke up—I wasn't inspiring enough to keep myself and my friends progressing. I got into drugs. Things really got out of hand when it ended up that one individual in the band was supplying heavy drugs. I was doing drugs too but my soul was never possessed by the big one. For kids out of high school it was like hide and seek at first. But then, like anything, you do it every day and you get bored."

Carlos became a disciple of Sri Chinmoy after being introduced by Mahavishnu John McLaughlin. The guru told Carlos his true name was Devadip—"the eye, the lamp and the light of the supreme." His music took on a different attitude. "Experience is a rented house," he explains, "you can always be thrown out. But realization is an eternal palace. We have to change otherwise we are nothing. Having gold records on my wall means nothing. The reality of what I am is an instrument of God. I want progress, not success. Though music is my life I could give it up and be a *good* dishwasher—even music, as beautiful as it is, is a creation, not a creator. I find myself looking to transcend myself—if not, if music becomes self-aggrandizement, I'll leave because I'll eventually suffer from it."

Devadip's spiritual quest didn't keep him from striving for musical goals. Just as he'd wanted to prove he could do what the Grateful Dead could do before, now he wanted to match the accomplishments of the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Weather Report. This raised technical problems for a self-taught musician. He accomplished what he'd set out to do as a band leader on *Welcome*, but deemphasized his playing in doing so. "I didn't play as much guitar on *Welcome*," he recalls, "because I'd begun to doubt my technical ability. The one piece on the record that I did play with Mahavishnu, 'Flame/Sky,' was based on a riff from a Chick Corea song ["To Whom It May Concern"] on a Tony Williams album. But I realize now you don't have to be a scientologist with a degree from Berklee School of Music to play well. I can't read music and some people can. To me it means nothing, though—technique can bind you."

Santana says the band's good-natured razzing doesn't bother him. "I like to have fun, joy is sincerity. I don't want to be somebody who can't take a joke, so when they call me Ice Cream Man because I wear white, I can laugh with them." In fact, Carlos says he often feels more at home with his band than he does with other Chinmoy disciples. "It's hard to explain, but I don't have that much in common with them. Also, in their simpleness they

# MUSIC FOR JOE COCKER, NAZARETH, GRAM PARSONS, GARY WRIGHT,

## JOE COCKER

**STINGRAY**

Joe Cocker is the classic rock interpreter whose music brings it all to the surface. Joe Cocker is the penetrating voice that picks up on a song where others leave off. Joe Cocker is the one-of-a-kind phenomenon whose every release becomes a major event. Joe Cocker is out now with a classic, penetrating and phenomenally eventful example of what he's always been about. Joe Cocker is "Stingray." And "Stingray" is Joe Cocker.

Produced by Rob Fraboni

## NAZARETH

**CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL**

After their smash single "Love Hurts" from their powerful "Hair Of The Dog" album, this hard-rocking quartet from Scotland is back with more of their distinctive music that *Rolling Stone* describes as "bridging the gap between folk and heavy metal." *The Los Angeles Times* calls Nazareth "exceptional" for the way it "hammers songs by writers as diverse as Woody Guthrie, Randy Newman, and Joni Mitchell into a Zeppelin-flavored attack." Truly among the world's most fiery and flamboyant.

Produced by Manny Charlton

## GRAM PARSONS / THE FLYING BURRITO BROS.

**SLEEPLESS NIGHTS**

Nine of these 12 tracks were recorded by the "Original" Flying Burrito Brothers in early '70, shortly before Gram Parsons left the group. The remaining 3 tracks were recorded during sessions for Gram's '73 Warner Bros. album, *Grievous Angel*. Reflecting on Gram in her liner notes, Emmylou Harris says "...they came to see this young man and to hear the voice that would break and crack but rise pure and beautiful with sweetness and pain."

Produced by Jim Dickson and Gram Parsons

## GARY WRIGHT / SPOOKY TOOTH

**THAT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY**

In the late '60s, a British band called Art met up with an organ player from New Jersey named Gary Wright and Spooky Tooth was born. Later Gary left and did 2 solo albums, one in '71 and another in '72. This 2-record set includes 6 selections from those solo albums, 8 selections of Spooky Tooth featuring Gary on vocals, and more. Includes material that Wright freaks rate as some of his very best.

Produced by Gary Wright, Jim Miller, Chris Stainton, Chris Blackwell, Andrew Johns, and Spooky Tooth

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# RICK WAKEMAN, SHAWN PHILLIPS, THE TUBES, AND HEAD EAST FANS.

## RICK WAKEMAN

**NO EARTHLY CONNECTION**

Rick's latest introduces his new band, The English Rock Ensemble. According to Rick: "All the music is based on a futuristic, autobiographical look at music, the part it plays in our pre-earth, human and after life. Accepting that music is incorporated in our souls, it is up to the individual body in which it lives, to nurture and develop this unearthly sense as he is told, in order that upon its return, another life may use it to advance the only true sense in this world of No Earthly Connection."

Produced by Rick Wakeman

## SHAWN PHILLIPS

**RUMPLESTILTSKIN'S RESOLVE**

Shawn's latest album deals lyrically with the subjects of love, hate, death, life, war and peace—all set against a musical framework that encompasses rock, ballad, R&B, and cant forms. This eighth album, however, is probably the most basic Shawn has ever recorded. Devoid of the usual soaring symphonics, multi-overdubbings, and electronics, Shawn's new emphasis utilizes no more than seven musicians and one Phillips vocal track on any one cut, all featuring his incredible vocal range.

Produced by Shawn Phillips

## THE TUBES

**YOUNG AND RICH**

"Young And Rich" is the 2nd album from the Tubes, a musically-sophisticated and thematically-original rock & roll band. "Young And Rich" is a startling musical experience. The Tubes sound astonishing. Even up against the sounds with which their new producer, Ken Scott, has been associated (Supertramp, The Beatles white album, and Ziggy Stardust-era Bowie). "Young And Rich" is the technically amazing compounded by the creatively unexpected. Beware.

Produced by Ken Scott

## HEAD EAST

**GET YOURSELF UP**

Head East is five young Midwestern rock & rollers whose individual sound has already emerged and resulted in a Top 20 single, "Never Been Any Reason," from their debut album, "Flat As A Pancake." Their new album, "Get Yourself Up," is 10 new songs of their blazing brand of rock & roll. They've become such a strong regional attraction that other local bands are learning Head East originals to include in their own repertoires.

Produced by Roger Boyd

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# ON A&M RECORDS & TAPES

can sometimes take advantage of you. They will say, 'I know Devadip, he will play at this benefit for us,' when I'm already contracted to play somewhere else that night." He suggests that a similar feeling may have been the cause for Mahavishnu's recent falling out with the ways of the Chinmoy disciples.

"I can't stand people being holier than thou," he asserts, and returns to his relationship with his band. "Some people in the band are very young mentally but mature musically. It takes longer to get a point across to a young man or an old man. I don't want the music to sound like invocations because I don't want to put people to sleep. People come to a concert to be uplifted. I've yet to sit down with this band and say where we are going, let's do it and get on with our business. The band is going to fall if we don't have a goal to aspire to, like Tarzan reaching for another vine to carry him forward. Earth, Wind and Fire has that oneness.

"On the last night of our European tour we were really hot because we were going home, and after a month on the road your last gig will *burn* because everything has built up to that point. Mick Jagger had come to see the show and really liked what he heard. He came back to the dressing room and told us it was the most exciting he'd ever seen the band. So Bill arranged to have us play with the Rolling Stones this summer.

"I'm looking forward to playing with the Stones because I've been thinking a lot about what their audience wants from their shows and am ready to meet that. The feeling is like the lions and gladiators in the Roman Coliseum—not the actual destruction of lions eating people, but that same feeling of power and awesome majesty. We will be ready to meet this challenge." He smiles at the thought of blowing out a Rolling Stones crowd. "It could be *very* interesting."

*—John Swenson*

# AMERICA: STARS AND TRIPE FOREVER

**LOS ANGELES**—I hear America talking. "It's a bummer," says Gerry Beckley of this non-power trio (though they will be adding a drummer and a "keyboard whiz" to "flesh out the sound"), referring to the fate of a song he'd written

STEVE COHEN

*America: "Watership" aground*

on their new album, *Hideaway*, called "Watership Down." It was a gesture toward a soundtrack for the movie of that book, but the film company never gave America the nod.

"They should use it," insists Gerry. "Yeah," Dewey Bunnell cuts in quickly, "it's a ballady thing, and just tries to get the feel of the book, which is sorta outdoorsy . . ." (like Caribou Studios in Colorado, where the album was cut). The guys were unhappy because they thought they had their hands on "the animated story of this decade." (You didn't think they were going to dress actors in rabbit suits, like *Harvey*?) "All it needs," Gerry says, salting his own wounds, "is a similar vibe to *Yellow Submarine*, ditto for the score." That would be enough to dispose of the Bakshi *Heavy Traffic* kind of concept, for, as Gerry points out, "a buncha porn animation is not gonna make Thanksgiving television!"

Hewing to the strait and narrow middle-of-the-road for safety first was a major theme in the conversation. "Whatever happened to the underground, huh?" Dewey asks. Though they once opened for Pink Floyd ("They were real fine," Gerry quips, "if you wanna hear a cash register for thirty minutes"), America has only rarely been tempted into realms of experimentation. Dewey did production on their *Hat Trick* album, which actually included a ten-minute cut, but "subsequently the album didn't go, and now we stick with George Martin."

So what if the guys played West Point in cadet uniforms? These 22-year-olds were service brats anyway, and sprang directly from high school in England, where their dads were stationed, into AM stardom. They kept it clean, sticking with acoustic stuff, steering clear of the skinheads with their piss rock and reggae. Dewey remembers: "I was in Carpenter's Park in England. It's an American housing area and there was always skin-head trouble. You know, you kinda go 'shit' whenever you have to go down the tube [subway.]. I always wanted to take the train but there was the chance I'd get beat up." To be in England and call your band America is as much to make yourselves exotic as patriotic. America admits that, being overseas, they missed the impact of the changes that hit this country in the late '60s. "We had to read about it."

Got any themes running through *Hideaway*?" one wonders.

"Not lyrically," Gerry says. "We never do, really, lyrically. Thematically, though, the title track is done in two parts. It ends each side. It's a nice instrumental that kinda ties it together. We don't generally write on a given topic, or subject, or concept at all. We're three different writers, after all."

These guys aren't about to be buffaloed into any false displays of introspection or heavy thought. Finally, one of the publicists on the scene hands us a copy of the band's new label, an illustration of a tree segment, rings exposed. Symbolism in the New Rock? "Oh, yeah, count the rings," Gerry laughs. "Actually, we cut the record right into the tree and these are gonna be grooves. A day in the life . . . of a tree." A chart of the top 100 singles is passed to him and he exclaims joyously, "Hey! We're right underneath the Bay City Rollers!"

Dewey leans over and confides, "It's always great to come into the office and find out that you're number 77 in Venezuela."

*—Jim Trombetta*

## Side Streets

**Don't feel so bad about not being allowed to see the infamous Robert Frank underground film-portrait of the Rolling Stones, "Cocksucker Blues." We screened it recently and it's boring—worse than that, not even shocking! . . . Reprise and RCA failed to make Ray Davies and the Kinks stars—now it's Clive Davis and Arista's turn. . . . The walls of sound fell in on the physically-ailing Phil Spector last month. Warners dropped his Spector Records. Peerless Phil is now label-shopping. . . . C. W. McCall has C.B.'d his way onto the giant screen. United Artists is making a movie of the ol' rubber duck titled "Convoy!" . . . The Tubes banned in the South! The mayor of Charleston, N.C., saw the Tubes in Pennsylvania and declared they violated laws against "live nudity, obscenity and general lewdness". . . . The Recording Association of America says that 480 million records were sold last year, costing 1.5 billion dollars. . . . NORML has assembled an lp of pot-related jazz songs called "Reefer Songs." Hits are "Reefer Man," and "Marijuana Brown". . . . San Francisco has offered to pay Smokey Robinson $20,000 as a settlement for a false arrest in 1968. . . . The Pointer Sisters are featured in "Car Wash," a movie also starring George Carlin and Richard Pryor. . . . Rik Grech (ex-Family, Blind Faith, KGB) has formed what he calls his "Gram Parsons-type band" called "Rik Grech's SDM" that will feature Claire Hamill as lead vocalist. . . .**

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# DION: LET ME CALL YOU "STREETHEART"?

**LOS ANGELES**—Dion DiMucci, The Wanderer with the easy, lazy, hitter voice that cruised outta the Bronx like a chopped 'n channelled Merc (hot off the line with a great mushy back seat), has finally come home. Where Frankie Valli sang like a girl and Frankie Avalon was just another prettyboy, Dion could *rock*. He was the best of the white stoop-singers; those a capella, wine-edged Italian guys whose popping harmonies bounced up and down those mean streets. Dion singing/testifying about "Run Around Sue" and lovely "Ruby Baby," with those greasy-satisfied rhythms that blew everybody's dreams up sooo big:

*I'm the kinda guy*
*who never settles down*
*I roam from town to*
*town . . .*
*I go through life without*
*a care . . .*

Then Dion disappeared. Lost, probably, like all those neon blazers with the velvet collars. He surfaced a few years later, a folkie with wire-rimmed glasses and an acoustic guitar. The sleepy voice had gotten a little lonely but when he sang his "Abraham, Martin and John," the soul was still there. He had moved to Miami; the warmth and slow pace appealed to him. Dion was singing regularly in a tiny coffee house, The Flick, alone, always on a stool.

"I felt like I had shit-shoes on for a while," Dion confesses during a short stay in The City Of Angels to finish his new Warners lp, *Streetheart*. "I coun't get offa that stool." His voice is still a breath of the Bronx. "I was lost musically for a while; I'd tried so many things but I wasn't sure what I was doing, who my audience was.

"Then I was playing Vegas, the Thunderbird, inna sorta oldies show. Anyway, I only hadda sing five songs, there wasn't any pressure. Mark of the Dovells kept sayin', 'Stand up man, get into it. Do 'Teenager in Love.' An' Frankie Valli said, 'Dion, these are *your people*.'

"I started to see that I hadn't been using a lotta my energies. So I began trying different things, like putting down the guitar during 'Ruby Baby.' I mean, you can get closer to the people that way. I was getting back my confidence. I started doing 'Drip, Drop' 'coz I could get behind it an' boogie an' act it out. I was realizing that my audience was still there. They're so loyal. I love the people that are keepin' me in this business. I wanted to give them something for all the excitement they'd given back to me. Jesus, I'm *alive* now."

'DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR MOTHER'S MARRIED TO THE ORIGINAL FONZ?'

What Dion has given us is *Streetheart*. "Hey, listen, I'm a critical son of a bitch, an' I know my last couple a albums were half-assed. I kinda skipped through 'em. I'm a singer of songs an' there are 11 *fine* songs on this album; syncopated, moving, light, bright music. It's not disco, but it sure is good."

The lp's title was donated by young New York novelist Richard Price, who wrote a book tribute to Dion's era, *The Wanderers*. One song, "Queen Of 1959," was done with Phil Everly harmonizing. "Now, Phil really cares," Dion points out. "He was there all night gettin' that harmony just perfect." And there's even a classic in the making, "Lover Boy Supreme." "It's a 1976 'Wanderer'—something you can't take too seriously," Dion says and then adds quietly, "I just try an' live out all my fantasies in those songs."

BOB MERLIS

*"My kids don't know I'm cool."*

For this album Dion was joined by solid gold producers Steve Barri and Michael Omartian. These guys are hitmakers but more importantly they work well with Dion. "They're inside my head," he laughs. "We're a great combination. I know Steve has a wide range of musical successes [from "Eve Of Destruction" and The Grassroots to his smash TV themes—"Barretta," "S.W.A.T.," "Happy Days," "Welcome Back"] but from the minute we got together it was like he knew my style and taste better than I did. Steve also stays calm and patient. And he *cares*. Some producers just don't give a damn."

Dion might be thinking of Phil Spector. Phil produced a Dion album for Warner Brothers last year (*Born to Be With You*) that was so dense and plodding that the company wouldn't release it (although it is available on Polydor in Europe). "There was a lotta razmatazz around that album, an' a lotta negativity too," Dion says sadly. "But as far as actual studio time, there was very little. Phil spent about fifteen minutes on each song an' they were recorded in a couple a takes, live in the studio. Phil used ta care. But he's got to get into it again, believe in it again."

Dion *believes* in *Streetheart* and with Barri, Omartian and sessionmen supreme Lee Sklar, Ben Benay and Dean Parks, it's not false confidence. He's come full circle and it seems everyone else has come right along with him.

"Hey, I got three little girls," Dion says, a little annoyed. "An' they go around talkin about *Fonzie* all the time. I say, 'I been walkin' around this house for years. Don't you know your mother's married to the original Fonz?' They tell me where to go. They don't believe I'm cool!" he wails. "I tell 'em, 'Hey, don't you know your dad is Mr. Cool?' Those kids'll look at my old record covers and ask me, 'Dad, how'd you get *that* way?'"

That's the wanderer, yeah the wanderer . . . .

*—Mitch Glazer*

## Works in Progress

**Jay Ferguson** (ex-Spirit, JoJo Gunne) in Miami with Bill Szymczyk Jay's group includes: Joe Vitale, Joe Lala, George Terry and George (Chocolate) Perry . . . **Linda Ronstadt** back again with Peter Asher. Possibly using a mobile studio brought to her hometown of Tucson. . . . **Mike Finnegan** working on solo album with Jerry Wexler. Finnegan was **Maria Muldaur** sideman and Maria sings duet on lp. . . . **Travis Bickle** producing **Arthur Bremmer** bi-centennial lp. . . . **Bonnie Bramlett** gives it another shot with "Ladies' Choice," Johnny Sandlin at the boards. . . . **General Johnson** formerly from Chairman Of the Board, finishing lp. . . . **Jackie Gleason** back at Criteria Studios as are the **Eagles** and **CSNY**. . . . **Funky Kings** (featuring Eagles co-hort Jack Tempchin) next Arista surprise group recording on the coast with Paul Rothschild. . . . Second "Volunteer Jam" finished with **Charlie Daniels** and various red-neck luminaries. . . . Comeback by 3-man power band **Sir Lord Baltimore**, co-produced by Mike Appel and Jimmy Iovine of Springsteen fame. . . . Alice Cooper's old band **Billion Dollar Babies** has resolved legal hassles and is recording. . . . **Todd Rundgren** to produce space cadet **Steve Hillage** at Bearsville. . . . **Dominic Troiano** (ex-Guess Who, James Gang) recording with new group consisting of members from Lighthouse, the pan-sexual Rough Trade and Martha Reeves' old band.

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# PAPOON'S PROGRESS

## LET'S GO FISSION!

From the very beginning of his announced candidacy for President, The Electrician (as he insists on being called) has created shock waves in Cocoons all over the nation. Nonetheless, in order to further illuminate his bias on certain issues, the Papoon for President Commission has allowed us to state herewith our candidate's views on various topics, the first of which is the question of Nuclear Energy.

When we asked him where he stands in relation to Nuclear Energy, he replied, "As far away as possible!" He then proceeded to sum up the problem in a few enlightened observations, the lightbulb over his hooded countenance flickering on and off with each bright idea.

"The essence of the problem, and its solution, seem to be contained, indeed, in the very phrase itself—NUCLEAR ENERGY. If we simply take each letter, treating it as an atomistic entity, and rearrange them into new combinations, this becomes clear: N-U-C-L-E-A-R: *REAL NU, C*? This was in fact the attitude expressed by all when we first approached the peaceful use of this energy source. But soon, the important question was raised: *R U CLEAN*? And when the answer appeared to be *UNCLEAR*, we have had to reach the inevitable conclusion that such energy is *UNREAL, C?*"

Turned on by these keen flashes of insight, we researched the subject further by visiting the Chief of Science and Propaganda at the General Defective Nuclear Power Station in Fishkilled, New York—Dr. Gamma Gerbel-Glowhardt.

"I'm working for General Defective," he began, "a great, great military man. He's been fighting the American people for fifty years, and he's very sensitive to all this fallout over nuclear wastes. So, we can now announce that we're no longer going to dump nuclear wastes in the Hudson River day by day. We're going to do it night by night."

After this revelation, we naturally delved further into the question of safety.

"I think it's safe, personally," he replied, "particularly for myself, 'cause I wear this lead coat and these lead shoes, and I use lead silverware and eat lead food—and I'm being led by the bosses, too. Better lead than dead, you know what I mean?"

What about the dangers to the other workers in the plant?

"They never have to worry. We got warning signs that are infallible in predicting that a guy's had too much radiation. If a guy's hair turns white, falls out, and he drops dead in front of you—he's had too big a dose. You don't even have to look at the little piece of film on his lapel!"

Next, we inquired about the actual operation of the Atom plant.

"We got a highly organized operation here," he said, warming to his subject, his heavy Bavarian accent adding an air of unreality to the science fiction-like situation. "We use these fission rods, see? And with this kind of rod, we need a large staff to comfort us—and to protect us, if they *come for* us! But the actual creation of the energy, that's a snap! It's not like the old days, with all the silly little dials, and cadmium rods and all that. Today, we got it real streamlined and efficient. We just take the uranium, throw it in a pit, and wait for something to happen. Then we throw a lot of water on it to put out the fire, and the steam from the water runs the generators and makes real good coffee, by the way—but hold the cream! The irradiated cholesterol can kill you."

What happens to the wastes that run off, we asked naively.

"Well, mainly, it just goes down the tubes, like the whole industry might, if we don't harness this stuff and create new sores—I mean, *sources* of recycling, because this crap has a half-life of a quarter of a million years, and even with good nutrition, very few of us are going to be around *that* long. We got a deal with McDonut's Fallen Arches to compress the waste into little patties, called Neutrino Burgers, and to give 'em away free with every order of Chip Patties—the ones made out of recycled cow pies from cows fed on recycled manure! The kids love 'em, and so do the parents, 'cause it's easy to spot your child after dark. He glows! As they say, 'The Family that glows together, grows together!'"

What, then, we posited, did the doctor envision as the future for these plants?

"Well," he offered ingeniously, "we tried turning this one station up in Waukegan into a skating rink. We converted the big shiny round dynamo area into an ice-rink with people skating around to hot organ music. And it worked,

you know? But we're only making sixteen-seventeen bucks a day, instead of sixteen-seventeen *million* bucks a day. And that's not fair to the shareholders!

"So, either we got to go bankrupt, or we got to continue to poison the atmosphere. And that is not a decision I can make. I'm not at that level. I'm a poisoner,

I'm not a financial man. You'll just have to go talk with the financial wizards, and they live somewhere in Egypt or on the moon, I'm not sure which.

"I think they're on the moon, now, actually. You know why? If they lived here much longer, their hair would turn white and fall out and they'd—yeah, I see you know that one! Pretty good slogan, huh? Our late safety director made it up. It's good to see that our public relations program is making great strides—if you can still walk!"

And at that, our film burning orangely on our lapels, we brushed up our white hair, stuffed it into our pockets, and left.

*(P&B)*

# PAPOON ANNOUNCES HOLIDAY PLATFORMS

**SMASH SPECISM!:** Candidate G.G. Papoon agreed recently with those desiring an end to "specist" slurs commonly present in such everyday remarks as "road-hog," "booze-hound," "cat-house," "potato-head," "grease-monkey," "loan-shark" (or "pool-shark"), and "chicken-shit." Noting the success of the movement to substitute "person" or "creature" for "man" or "woman," Papoon predicted an end to Specism within five years.

**CRIMINALS AND THE DEATH PENALTY:** Questioned closely by prisoner's rights groups, George Papoon has determined that all persons convicted of Federal crimes shall serve their prison terms as members of the U.S. Marines, with no possibility of parole. While not favoring a restoration of the death penalty, Mr. Papoon is interested in finding out whether criminals, insane persons, atom scientists, gun enthusiasts and policemen wouldn't really rather "shoot it out" among themselves in some out-of-the-way location.

**CONSPIRACY EXPOSED!:** Having found himself snoided by the SPI, George G. Papoon has revealed that Richard M. Kissenrockafordafeller, present Chinese Ambassador to Mars, is actually an important SPI agent. Papoon, in a TV interview with Dan Shorenuff of Cybernews, further advised the Nation that Spiroo "Tex" Connally, Ronnie "Flash" Raygun (aka "Zip" or "The Zipper"), Henry "Prez" Ford, Wallace "Wheels" Pentagon, and Fidel "Tanya" Progresso are the present "Godfathers" of SPI's International Division.

**PLATFORMS:** Mr. Papoon urged that platforms be kept between the feet and the ground, and out of the channels and oceans.

*(DO)*

# ELECTRICIAN CHOOSES RUNNING MATE!

In a shocking and unpresidented move, the hooded marvel of the NSP has announced the candidacy of a relatively new figure to the political scene as his Vice-Presidential running mate. The announcement was made in a midnight press conference held in the somewhat ratty baggage-claim area at the student-run Willard Airport in Champaign, Illinois. Although the candidate's plane seemed to have been delayed, he suddenly arrived unannounced, an imposing figure in black tuxedo and handsomely red silk-lined cape. He strode to the bank of microphones and introduced himself to the throng of reporters and just plain folks as "Count Tranquilla."

Several news jockeys commented on the lateness of the hour, to which he surprisingly replied, "This is not late, gentlemen! On my schedule, this is like the middle of the day! And although I realize I run the risk of being labelled as a Fly-By-Night candidate, let me emphasize that I have no intention of avoiding the spotlight—just the sunlight. You see, I function better at night. It's easier to bat about town. I can really take off!"

He was then asked what made him decide to enter the political arena, to which he replied, "My steady job at the Blood Bank seemed so colorless, so anemic, so lifeless. I couldn't really sink my teeth into it. And then, one night, I met this girl, this photographer, who was obviously my type—type O, the Universal Dinner. Well, it was love at first bite! We necked, and suddenly, I had politics in my blood! She turned out to be Susan Ford!"

Rod Rollback, a writer for the Roanoke *Rear Guardian*, asked about his family background; and we were all amazed to hear that his ancestors came from the Cape, and to this day he resides in the family estate at the tip of Lloyd's Neck. "It's just off the main artery," he added. "You need a bloodhound to find it."

Would he be staying with friends while he was in Champaign? someone asked.

"No," he responded. "I'll be staying in the park."

"The Park Hilton?" I inquired.

"No," he explained, "the park: I'm like Jerry Brown. I just need a place to lie down."

The preliminaries over, Mr. Tranquilla made his formal policy statement, noting among other points that, "For too long, the bloodsuckers in public office have been draining the people white! I want our policies to open a new vein. We need more give-and-take between our unflappable leaders and the true red-blooded Americans! And, if I am elected, I vow that I will personally meet ALL the people, even if it takes me a thousand years!

"From our new headquarters in the Vampire Stake Building above the tran station in Pennsylvania, we will campaign as The Electrician and The Count—THE POWER AND THE GORY! That's the ticket!"

Candy Candlehandler from *MSinformation* magazine then inquired as to the kind of supporters the campaign was attracting.

"So far," he replied, "I seem to have drawn dirt-slingers, hurling mud and innuendos. The mud I don't mind—just the innuendos. They are trying to bury me! But I won't give up. I'll just vamp till they're ready.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid I must fly! Fangs for the interview, and please, remember our motto: WE HAVE A STAKE IN THE HEART OF OUR COUNTRY—LET'S DRIVE IT HOME!"

We got the point.

*(P&B)* ■


©1976 philip austin, peter bergman, david ossman, philip proctor: the firesign theatre

# Some reasonably unbiased suggestions on how to select your next record player.

Since you read this magazine, chances are you already own a record player. If you're considering replacing it, it probably no longer meets your requirements. One way or another.

For example, if your turntable operates only manually, you may now prefer the convenience and safety of automatic operation. If it already provides automatic start and stop, but only in single play, you may now want the ability to play a series of records in sequence and without interruption.

You may also be taking an expensive risk with your records every time you play them. Remember: your record collection probably costs more than the rest of your equipment combined. This alone should prompt you to give thought to a new turntable.

For years, Dual's approach has been to build every turntable with more precision than your records are likely to need. Since we traditionally lead the state of the art, every Dual tonearm produces optimum performance from today's finest cartridges and maximum longevity from every record.

This is as true of the least expensive Dual, the 1225, as it is of the CS701. All Dual tonearms, for example, follow the same basic design principles: straight line between pivot and cartridge for maximum rigidity and lowest mass; dynamic balance maintained throughout play; stylus pressure applied around the vertical pivot; anti-skating that automatically compensates for the inherent changes in skating during play.

As for rumble, wow, flutter and deviation from speed accuracy, all are far below audibility in every Dual. (With the direct-drive CS701, they are virtually unmeasurable.)

We don't suggest that Dual is the *only* quality brand turntable available. But where Dual does indeed stand alone is in the many years of proven reliability and durability. For example, many Duals that come in for servicing (usually only for lubrication and cleaning) are more than ten years old. And many Dual owners tell us (via letters and warranty cards) that they now own their second Dual . . . usually for their second system.

Dual quality comes in a variety of models: semi-automatic, single-play; fully automatic, single-play; single-play/multi-play. Seven models in all as described. We think it only reasonably biased to suggest that you will find your next turntable among them

Dual 1225.

**Dual 1225.** Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Viscous damped cue-control, pitch-control. 10⅝" platter. Less than $140, less base. Dual 1226, with cast platter, rotating single-play spindle, less than $170. Dual 1228, with gimballed tonearm, synchronous motor, illuminated strobe, variable tracking angle. Less than $200.

**Dual 1249.** Fully automatic, single-play/multi-play. Belt drive. 12" dynamically-balanced platter. Less than $280, less base. Full size belt-drive models include: Dual 510, semi-automatic, less than $200; Dual 601, fully automatic, less than $250. (Dual CS601, with base and cover, less than $270.)

**Dual CS701.** Fully automatic, single-play. D.C. brushless, electronic direct drive motor; tuned anti-resonance filters. Less than $400, including base and cover.

Dual 1249.

Dual CS701.

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# Visions of Cody

GALLOPING THROUGH THE WILD WEST
WITH PAUL NEWMAN, ROBERT ALTMAN AND
THE ILLEGITIMATE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

BY JIM TROMBETTA

**Bob Altman led his people north to Canada and caused the winter quarters of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show to spring up on the Stoney Indian Reserve within a long shot of the purple mountains' majesties. Early last fall it was like walking the streets of *Shane*, chill-juicy mud underfoot, the season's first snow flaking off granite sky, most of the cast (or karass) of *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* bowed over steaming styrofoam cups in the mess tent.**

**I was interviewing Joel Grey when in walked Altman himself, stiff but vigorous, bent slightly forward from the waist due to a back injury and imposing in an ornate sheepskin and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* cowboy hat. He sat at our table and complained in a bantering tone of some dispute with the outside world. Suddenly he narrowed his eyes at the tape machine. "Is that thing *on*?" It was. "That's the most god-damned irresponsible thing," he growled and stalked off. Cut. Let's try that again.**

**That night the temperature was sinking fast enough to make you think you'd leave your toes in your shoes when you took them off, but kliegs burned in Buffalo Bill's arena as Altman prepared to shoot the Wild West Show's night performance for visiting President Cleveland (Pat McCormick). The director took a break and clapped me on the knee. We exchanged apologies. "I just flare up sometimes," Altman explained. "I've been burned that way before and I'm a little gun-shy."**

**Gun-shy? In the scene he was about to direct, Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts), now with the show, throws a scare into President Cleveland by aiming a pistol at him and firing into the air, immediately followed by a sequence in which sureshot Annie Oakley (Geraldine Chaplin) *fails* to miss and plinks her husband Frank (John Considine). Gun-shy? It made a nice pattern.**

The snow never did stick and next day the prairies were handsomer in mild sunlight, though they did not seem so amber and autumnal as they turned up on the screen. (To give the film a feel akin to the famous Remington photographs, the blue in the film process has been largely deleted.)"We have only about a week of shooting left," said Joyce Rudolph, wife of screenwriter Alan Rudolph, as we crossed the camp, "and we're very sad about it. If I were going to form a commune or something, these are the people I'd do it with."

Paul Newman passed us in Buffalo Bill regalia, bush hat and embroidered frock coat, shoulder-length golden locks and thigh-high riding boots; he tossed us an abrupt "Hi!" and strode on.

In the mess tent, Bob Altman stood by the coffee urn and pointed out that the Hollywood unions were down on him for taking the story of a "great American hero" and shooting it outside the USA. A "runaway production" they called it. "They say, 'You have to use *this* guy,'" Altman said, "and then you end up firing them. If you do what they demand, you have to use actors instead of Indians, stuntmen instead of cowboys, and extras instead of . . . *people*.

"So I sent them a telegram and said, 'Like Sitting Bull we fled, like Sitting Bull we'll probably be slaughtered, and like Sitting Bull we won't make much difference.'"

Altman was identifying with Sitting Bull at the moment but his situation wasn't so different from that of Buffalo Bill himself, who had also mounted an expensive and elaborate show for the delectation of the millions. Bull was a Sioux man of knowledge and Bill the original all-American hype artist, parlaying largely bogus and in any case reprehensible Western exploits into fame and fortune for his traveling circus.

William Frederick Cody, a/k/a "Buffalo Bill," was born in Le Claire, Iowa in 1846, and appears, according to accounts during his lifetime, to have been a combination of P.T. Barnum and Conan the Barbarian. He made his name in 1867 when commissioned by the Kansas Pacific Railroad to provide buffalo meat for its hungry workforce; he discharged his duties by systematically slaughtering (by his own count) 4280 of the beasts. For the next ten years he was a U.S. Army scout in campaigns against the Indians, serving under Custer against the Sioux and Cheyennes in the centennial year, when he (by his own account) defeated the chieftain Yellow Hand in hand-to-hand combat. "I had driven the keen-edged weapon to its hilt in his heart," he wrote. "Jerking his war bonnet off, I scientifically scalped him in about five seconds."

Called "the finest figure of a man who ever sat a steed," Cody easily made the transition into showbiz. He was first immortalized by the dime novelist Ned Buntline (a/k/a E.Z.C. Judson) in *King of the Border Men* in 1869, played himself in Buntline's drama *Scouts of the Plains* in 1878, and started the Wild West Show in 1883. The Show was never less than a major international draw—Sitting Bull toured with it in 1885—and lasted until 1910. In the meantime, Cody got rich, gained weight, and came out as a heavy booster of the Spanish-American War. His fortunes rose and fell but his checkered career lasted until 1917, when he died in bed. He was buried in a tomb dynamited out of solid rock on Lookout Mountain 20 miles from Denver, where he remains to this day.

What Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull have in common is that both men, like Altman, gathered close-knit societies around themselves by force of personality and imagination.

"Bob is more correct more times than any human animal I've ever encountered," asserted Alan Rudolph, 31, who co-wrote the script and continued to punch the keys daily, reworking scenes. "I've worked on enough projects [*Nashville, The Long Goodbye*, and TV's "Welcome to My Nightmare"]. I've met enough people who have some weight to them, and I would take Bob against anybody. I mean, put one-on-one in a room, he would dry up last." Alan, who had been a kind of apprentice to Altman for his previous four films and was about to direct his own Altman-produced feature, *Welcome to LA*, admitted that he just about internalized Altman when he wrote. "You know any idea you have is going to go through the Altman process. Subconsciously, it raises the quality output, it really does. That's how he gets great performances out of people who sometimes haven't been so good."

In one corner of the compound stood a split-rail watchtower, complete with grizzled bluebelly sentry (Humphrey Gratz). Inside, braided Indian wigs hung along the wall like so many scalps and ladies bathed moustaches in acetone; here the players began to collect in late afternoon to be made up. E.L. Doctorow tried on pince-nez, part of his disguise as presidential adviser; he had come to discuss the turning of his novel *Ragtime* into a film and had stayed to take the part Altman offered him. He called acting "socially acceptable schizophrenia" and said he wouldn't write the screenplay of *Ragtime*: "You've had your orgasm, what are you going to do, play in it?" ("Great line," he said dubiously some months later, but he was going to write that script after all. "Better me than somebody else.")

Meanwhile Kevin McCarthy reclined in the barber chair, having his nearly waist-length wig grafted to his scalp. Kevin—who could forget him ramming a pitchfork into a pod duplicate of himself in

"THIS FILM," PAUL NEWMAN ADMITTED, "IS GOING TO KNOCK THE PROPS FROM UNDER THE CELLULOID HERO." LAST TANGO IN ALBERTA OR SIMPLY "MY WAY"?

*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*?—played Buffalo Bill's Wild West PR man and his style tended to be as orotund off-camera as on. Just now he was more reflective.

"A lot of these people have worked with Altman before," he said rapidly, "and this is only my first experience. At first he told me he couldn't imagine my nose and Paul Newman's on the same screen but then he called me up one day and told me about this role, and that was very strange. . . . One day I was supposed to be introducing Buffalo Bill to this opera singer and I found myself saying 'I want to present this compellingly cornucopious canary, this curvaceous cadenza, this cultivated coloratura from Colorado' and I thought I had worn out my welcome but he said, 'Jesus, don't stop, come up with whatever you can.' He's like a writer from which we're sort of having a life—from his *pen*. He sort of lets his characters take over his story; he never loses control, but he lets them live, flourish, you might say."

"You don't even know what necessarily is going to happen in a scene," Joel Grey said. "You didn't plan it and it's better than what you planned. The picture is as it organically *becomes* each day, because that's how Bob Altman wants it to be and it's always a mystery to everybody and that's what makes it so interesting."

So there was a paradox shaping up on this set as well as a movie: the creature's free will vs. Bob's foreknowledge. A director who's like a novelist writing in flesh and blood was beginning to expand to cosmic proportions.

"He's magic," agreed Geraldine Chaplin, an Altman veteran. "Before shooting, there's usually a week or ten days when he's around a lot; he makes you feel very excited about your part. When you start shooting he's not around so much as *behind*, but in such control."

Geraldine has no ambition to be her own auteur. "I *adore* being manipulated," she said, laughing. "An example is the whole character in *Nashville*. I really thought I

wrote all those monologues in the car cemetery, and I *did* write them, but he knew what I was going to write because he gave me like six or seven things, key words or something—all that was already implanted." She went on knitting, soberly, then said, "People say that Bob allows you the most enormous freedom and that they're creating their own part, which is an enormous lie. Everyone's lining up in the exact direction he wants them to go. He gives you the *impression* you're creating, and that marvelous ego trip, but you're the same marionette you are with other directors."

"They created their own roles," Altman said later, "and consequently they lined up the way that I *accepted* them. The actors bring a whole life and contributions to those roles. We don't even try to write them any more. We don't sit down and work on these scripts—'Oh, we got'a get this character right'—and have 18 actors coming and reading. We try to find the actor who has the most facility, who'll come and fill that hole and go beyond."

Someone asked him if he'd ever acted himself. He's had offers but. . . . He shook his head as if to say *no way*.

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Now you Indians," Altman called across the arena, "when you've got the girl tied up and you're dancing around her, I want you to just give her a little *poke* with your spears." The "Indians" cracked up; they had a little teepee village set up in the center, a crackling bonfire continually renewed by grips, a fair maiden of the white race and a post to bind her to. What more could they want? "And I want you to wait until you hear the first shot before you run away. OK! Action!"

The "Indians" stomped and chanted to the tom-tom beat, prodding their comely victim, and Buffalo Bill and his brave cowboys thundered into the arena, made one circuit around it, then fired their Colts. The shots were louder than you expected, and at the reports the "Indians" ducked into their teepees. Paul Newman, resplendent in Buffalo Bill gear, dismounted, freed the lady and led her toward the President's box. She curtsied and fled, and Cody was left to his plaudits, bowing in a pose so heroically narcissistic Altman bellowed with delight.

"We're doing a lot with crossing Buffalo Bill with Paul Newman," the director said. "We're crossing movie stars with legendary heroes. Buffalo Bill was a great movie star and he was manufactured totally. All the other great heroes had some basis, they were in the war, they did something to get attention. Buffalo Bill didn't do anything; he was literally picked up—good lookin' and had a nice presence."

Off-camera Paul kept his distance, though his camaraderie was flawless. He was the kind of guy who would as soon throw you a bullet pass as look at you. He joked in a highly formulaic way, turning a gruff "quit dickin' around" into his trademark on the set. Behind the geniality, you sensed that he wanted more attention the way he wanted a second nose. When an elderly lady badgered him at the wrap party softball game, he was civil but increasingly eager for his turn at-bat. *What do you want from me*? his manner seemed to say. *I'm as ordinary as you.*

"I'm sick of the sound of my own voice," he told reporters. When cornered, he talked about ecology, telling a columnist from Calgary that she should appreciate "what you've got here, you people, this clean crisp air. When I return to the smog areas I almost get sick to my stomach. Something's *got* to be done."

Later, Paul did admit that "*Buffalo Bill* is going to knock the props from under the celluloid hero." The word around the unit was that Newman was doing in this picture what Brando had attempted in *Last Tango*. It would be either that or Frank Sinatra singing "My Way."

A look at the rushes suggested that Altman and Newman had started off playing a variation on the he-may-be-an-asshole-but-at-least-he's-a-great-man school of cinema idol, a figure not totally different from, say, Judge Roy Bean ("I'd hope it's better than that," Altman said, amused). There's Buffalo Bill Newman, awakening from a drunken night, his immense loving cup (very like the one Sterling Hayden drank from as the outsized but pathetic Roger Wade in *The Long Goodbye*) still half-full of his chosen poison, having to apologize for a poor personal performance to his coloratura lady friend. He gets the word that Sitting Bull has absconded to the hills, where he'll dream prophetically of the President's arrival. The master plainsman must track down the savage.

Another sequence: Buffalo Bill returns empty-handed. The camp is in such despair that when Newman stumbles through his quarters shooting at the coloratura's canary his entourage thinks he's killed himself.

There's also a very striking scene when Sitting Bull does return, of his own free will; Newman wanders about his rooms muttering a bitter soliloquy while the Indian chief, silent as ever, turns up and vanishes with every camera movement like Banquo's ghost.

"Sitting Bull makes Cody nervous because he's like a mirror," Alan Rudolph said. "And the mirror is beginning to show some of the faults. Buffalo Bill is a man who has an audience so therefore he is listened to, yet he really hasn't got a thing to say. He was just a fake, but people . . . he had enough substance for people to believe in him.

"Paul is like Bob in that he represents something of value that you don't get cheap with. I mean, he's exposing a lot of himself, a lot of Bob, a lot of Redford, a lot of Nicholson, any *major* . . . any person who is in the show business limelight is really embodied in Buffalo Bill—the vanity, the self-contempt, the self-love, the power, the misuse of power. Buffalo Bill is not Paul Newman but he is a lot of famous people who have a self-image that is just as sordid as their public image, and Paul can't play the role without knowing the full ramifications of who he's representing. He's choosing not to hide."

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My husband likes to make movies and give good parties," Kathy Altman said. Rushes were shown for three hours most nights in a suite in the International Hotel in Calgary with the whole company invited ("I know a director who won't even let his *cameraman* see the dailies," said Mike Kaplan, publicist and actor) and Altman as master of the revels. "Everybody get a drink!" he commanded, and everybody did.

A bucket of popcorn was passed around, smokes were lit, an opulent herbal scent spiced the air as the rushes flashed on the screen. Frank Kaquitts as Sitting Bull was cantering in the torchlit arena. "That's the best night-lighting I've ever seen," Altman said. Sitting Bull was having trouble working his gun out of the holster; then he whipped it out and fired into the air, too fast. Take two. Frank switched his horse out in front of the cameras again. "If he smiles, I'm dead," Altman had said on the set. Frank didn't smile and raised his pistol slowly enough to make the threat—and the ceremony—clear.

Empty prairie. Climbing over a horizon-like rise were Newman and McCarthy and a whole search party, dragging ass home without the vanished Sitting Bull, their dejection mirrored in the almost unnaturally gold and russet autumn light. This was a movie of a melancholy season. Then Burt Lancaster appeared behind a bar piled high with peanut shells in a murky, sawdust-strewn saloon, trading boozy revelations with Mike Kaplan and Allan Nicholls. Lancaster was detailing some of Bill Cody's least savory moves in his climb to success. At the end of the take Big Burt pulled his pipe from his mouth, made an amazed face, and mouthed the word "good." It was damn good, a great scene, even more vivid than the barroom encounters in *McCabe*.

Not so marvelous was gushing between Geraldine Chaplin and John Considine about how much they wanted to do their act for the President. They were goofing on their roles, but it made little difference to the clapping and yelling spectators. This was the ultimate home movie and the audience was a filmmaker's dream.

"Intermission!" shouted the director. E.L. Doctorow slipped into the bathroom. "Quiet down and you can hear America's top novelist take a leak," cried Buffalo

"ALTMAN GIVES YOU THE IMPRESSION YOU'RE CREATING," SAYS GERALDINE CHAPLIN, "BUT YOU'RE THE SAME MARIONETTE YOU ARE WITH OTHERS."

*Kevin McCarthy (above) conspires with Pat McCormick as Harvey Keitel and E.L. Doctorow look elsewhere. Will Sampson (left) stands up for Sitting Bull Frank Kaquitts.*

Bob, grinning maniacally. "Ah, using the side of the bowl, just as I thought."

The lights went down again. Broad daylight blazed on the screen. The curtain to the arena opened and a party of Indians galloped through. On the turn, two of them fell off their horses. Another take: the same two bit the dust again. "You've got to *see* that curtain opening," Altman commented, "that's the most important thing. I don't know why, but that's the key." As we watched a close shot of Paul Newman peering meditatively through the selfsame curtain, Altman added in a mincing voice, "Oh, we do symbolism too."

*Geraldine Chaplin as Little Annie Oakley*

The Stoney Indian band numbers some 1888 persons. Eighty percent are unemployed. Medical and educational facilities are underwritten by the government and each Stoney is entitled by his status as a Treaty Indian to a monthly welfare allotment of $92. The Stoneys are slightly better off than many of the tribes since the presence of a (rapidly depleting) supply of natural gas on the Morley Reserve ensures them of an extra $25 each per month. If a Stoney woman moves off the reserve, she loses her Indian status and her allotment, though this is not true for the men. Still, employment prospects on the outside are few and far between.

One was warned not to leave equipment lying around on the reserve. Liquor was discouraged and cars entering and leaving were sometimes searched by guards. The Indians themselves regarded strangers—stars and anonymities alike—with an intense though impassive interest. One-on-one they were unfailingly amiable and generous, but when they felt ill-at-ease sometimes behaved with the disheartening meekness of people too used to being fucked over. A man sitting across from Pat McCormick at the wrap party gobbled down his lobster as if he expected to be kicked out at any moment, then stood and made a short speech to the whites at the table, promising to get "a good job" in the future.

It was easy to see why Altman chose Frank Kaquitts, a Stoney, for the part of Sitting Bull. Frank, father of seven, one-time chief of the band and sometime rodeo rider, had (like Altman) recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday, but his compact body was as wiry and strong as that of a much younger man; his seamed face was old and boyish at the same time (reminding me of Charles Bronson's ageless youth in Leone's *Once Upon a Time In The West*), especially when lit up by his angelic smile, which was often.

It was impassive dignity, though, which was the key to Sitting Bull. Sitting Bull never speaks for himself, only through his interpreter Halsey (played by Will Sampson, who was the Chief in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) and is a presence, a living symbol only; Sitting Bull was never at Custer's Last Stand and in Altman's (and Kaquitt's) version is a visionary who leads by example and counsel rather than clout. "In the old days," Frank explained in his soft voice, "the chiefs were more spiritual leaders. Today they must be politicians."

Frank would like to play more roles. Like everybody else, he had a suite in the International Hotel in Calgary and made the nightly commute back to the granite and highrise center of this grain- and oil-rich city. On the rare occasions the unit got back to town before last call, Frank could be seen splitting for the hotel bar. A couple of mornings he couldn't be found, though he always turned up in time for whatever he had to do. "He's a great guy," one shrugging cowboy told me. "He'll give you anything. If he has a pint or anything, it's yours."

One night a doorman in the lobby was shaken awake by a rattling at the hotel's front door. A young crew-cut Indian had staggered against it and was now trying to get it open, pushing when he ought to have pulled. The doorman stood on the other side of the glass, fluttering his hands. The Indian's head lolled apologetically and he went away.

Pat McCormick once invented a new sport on the Johnny Carson Show: you dangle a bottle of Thunderbird on a line out the back of a station wagon and drive through the Bowery "trolling for bums." Right now Pat was idling at breakfast with Paul Newman and John Considine, brainstorming gags for the post-production wrap party. Paul was jotting down ideas for leaflets to be dropped from a helicopter during the cast vs. crew softball game.

"How about this?" Paul said. "'Three distinguished surgeons revealed today that Robert Altman, noted film director, was not Robert Altman at all, but the transsexual result of a lady named Myrtle Terkel. . . .'"

"Say, 'Robert Altman, director of *Rollerball*,'" John Considine suggested.

"' . . . Mr. Altman's back injury actually occurred when Altman gave birth to two girls in 1956. . . .'"

Pat wiped his mouth and said, "Have a guy in the helicopter talking through a bullhorn, 'This is Dino de Laurentiis and I've seen the rushes and this is what I think.' Then he throws a dummy out as if he's killed himself."

"I can't *look* at Pat McCormick without laughing," Alan Rudolph told me, then looked abashed as if his comment might be taken the wrong way. A veteran comic who's worked with Jonathan Winters, Jack Paar, Don Rickles and is now chief writer for Carson, Pat McCormick was Grover Cleveland's spitting image in his walrus muttonchops and impressive 19th century girth, and enjoyed playing clown prince (or president) of the Altman people. It's not every man who gets to goof on being Commander-in-Chief.

Cleveland is an easy-going character who never opens his mouth officially, save to emit some appropriate verbosity implanted in his skull by a whispering aide (Doctorow). But McCormick himself was hardly at a loss for words. The presidential party would be improvising chitchat in their box in the arena and Pat would offer Shelly Duvall a honey enema, panicking

the gallery. (You had to be there.) When the shooting was finished for the day, McCormick would just be starting to cook. He sent the cast into non-stop convulsions on the bus rides back to Calgary, laughter drowning out the engine as Pat recounted breaking into showbiz ("I blew Zero Mostel") or rapped on what's right with VD ("It killed Al Capone").

Even though he supposedly dropped his pants at his mother's wake to cheer up a mourner, Pat McCormick, is the most reserved of men. A scowling demeanor and imposing size allows him to ignore incoming queries. "How tall are you, Pat?" I asked at lunch. "Huh?!" he exclaimed as if alarmed, head snapping back into an imaginary carapace; the hand holding the spoon trembled. At the wrap party, Pat unzipped his fly and inserted a greenish live lobster which had traveled all the way from British Columbia at Paul Newman's expense. "John Wayne's crabs," he explained, sauntering off, deadpan behind movie-star shades.

"Your prick *bit* me, Pat," Altman objected later. "I was contemplating a change and the first one I reach for bites me. I'll never even look over at the next urinal again."

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Harassed by questions, Altman will get restless and start prowling around. He finds his contradictions fruitful, so why should be bother discussing them? "The one thing I try not to do is to analyze or justify," he said in his flat midwestern accent. "If it feels right I literally force myself not to think about it, just do it. I mean, you can analyze anything from point A to Z, but the minute you do that, you've lost, you've become intellectual about it and not emotional."

At the same time the impulse behind his movies is downright didactic: he's interested in "essays, the story is never of any interest to me." In fact, for all its plotless spontaneity, *Nashville* was organized around ideas, like The Message That Doesn't Get Through (Barbara Harris singing soundlessly at the noisy speedway; the father who can't understand his deaf-mute kids). "Oh, that was all planned," Altman said. "That was all calculated."

I pointed out that there were generally two responses to his films, passionate advocacy and equally passionate rejection, with little middle ground. I had an Altmaniac friend who went around raving that he was the new Shakespeare and another friend who remarked bitterly after *Nashville*, "I've never seen so much space between people."

"I think both are extreme," the director said, "But mainly it's this thing we've got in ourselves about somebody doing a number on us, putting us down. It's like this thing about the assassins. They've almost come to the total conclusion that all of 'em except James Earl Ray were totally alone. And to my mind it's perfectly plausible that they worked alone. But no matter how much evidence comes up in front," he went on with a certain angry edge to his voice, "nobody will accept that because it doesn't make sense to them and they want something that makes sense, otherwise they're not *safe*. If it's *that* fucking silly. . . ."

I was feeling a little ambivalent myself about that silliness. Altman's relentlessly anti-charismatic approach gives us a break in a time when heroes and stars are constantly crammed down our throats. But when he took on Philip Marlowe (Elliot Gould) in *The Long Goodbye*, I was unhappy because that was a hero I liked. It was still a great film (and his best, for my money), with an accurate description of the cool tone of contemporary corruption, a weird mixture of smugness and paranoia. But there was Gould mumbling around, the old hard-boiled wise-guy attitude turned into a crippling neurosis. There were scenes so real the screen was hardly more than a window, but the whole movie had the quality of incomplete therapy, as if the problem had become transparent and easy to understand, but still couldn't be controlled. (Though Gould did seem to give up smoking after killing Jim Bouton in the end.)

So maybe Altman made his fans feel *too* safe, like the neighbors in Dylan's "Clothes Line Saga": *Nothin' we can do about that, said the neighbor, it's just somethin' we're gonna have to forget.* Should we lay back and enjoy it? Altman shrugged. "I don't propagandize," he said, attention wandering to a trade paper on his desk. "I don't say what should be . . . only what is."

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**I came to the conclusion that there was nothing sacred about myself or any other human being, that we were all machines, doomed to collide and collide and collide. For want of anything better to do, we became fans of collisions.**

That's Kurt Vonnegut talking in *Breakfast of Champions*, an upcoming Altman project along with *Ragtime* and *North Dallas Forty*, an unsentimental football novel with plenty of collisions. Vonnegut's book seems a perfect property for the director; it has narrative flow which has nothing to do with suspense, a tone of cheery nihilism, and above all a cast of diverse characters each given equal time, the kind of group Vonnegut once called "karass" in *Cat's Cradle* ("nice, nice, very nice, so many different people in the same device"), linked not by intentions but by a cosmic synchrony as arbitrary as a birth sign. I keep looking forward to the fun Altman could have with the scene in *Breakfast* where Vonnegut walks into the book and confronts his own characters, notably down-at-heels sci-fi writer Kilgore Trout:

**Now Trout was beginning to catch on that he was sitting close to the person who had created him. He was embarrassed. It was hard for him to know how to respond, particularly since his responses were going to be anything I said they were.**

Toward the end of shooting, the Wild West Show was throwing a reception for the President and his new bride (Shelley Duvall) in Buffalo Bill's headquarters. It was a strange place, a warren of partitioned space with no ceiling, under a tent. Shadowless klieg light fell on the largest room and people milling around within, inventing small talk. Harvey Keitel was splendidly ill-at-ease, pulling at the chin hair of the buffalo head on the wall. The cameras were near the entrance and the onlookers were crowded beneath them, hugging themselves against the chill; leaden rain was falling down outside, pounding on the canvas, though only a few hours before it had been nice enough for Newman to throw the pigskin around with some of the crew.

The scene changed and the spectators migrated around behind the cameras, taking care to keep out of the magic zone of the shot in progress. Now we were off on the opposite side from a buffet table, watching the receiving line. Every charactor, it seemed, was being introduced to Cleveland; even the two rodeo whip aces shook his hand. "Ho, ho, enjoy whips myself," cracked the chief exec.

Canvas gave way near the entrance and a gout of rainwater spilled inside; gaffers fixed the breach. The cameras were traveling again, so we were now in the rear of the buffet table, listening to a diva (Evelyn Lear) lay a little operative culture on the wild west.

Evelyn sang the aria three times and everyone applauded. Joel Grey appeared next to me, in costume, applauding, and I drew back thinking I'd wandered into camera range, but Joel indicated that I should applaud too—the singing was real, after all—and my clapping made the boundaries of the shot seem suddenly permeable, open to any sincere audience. I reached down to the table, found genuine caviar, and polished it off.

After the aria, Buffalo Bill made his move; he put the make on the diva and was soundly rejected. ("I love singers," Altman said wistfully at one point.) This moment sets up the larger rejection this sequence contains, "To Buffalo Bill, a great American," the President toasted him, just as Bill was sneaking a shot of his private stock.

The cameras were on the move again. Paul went over to greet the newly-arrived Joanne Woodward. Altman ate a codeine for his back pain. And, in the center of the room, E.L. Doctorow was looking

mighty sinister in a black frock coat and stovepipe hat; nose pinched by his specs, face poreless behind pancake and fixed in an expression of ulcerating worry, he looked like the nastiest schoolmaster of all time.

"I give you all the privilege of being quiet," Altman yelled genially, "and you abuse it." Everyone shut up and the entourage gathered for the next scene, mutual congratulations and "good nights" between Cody and Cleveland and friends. Suddenly Sitting Bull and his large interpreter intrude.

"I'm sick of your bull, Bull," Harvey Keitel improvises. "You don't have an invite!"

"Let him speak," says McCormick (Cleveland) nobly.

"Sitting Bull has a small request for his people," the interpreter says.

Doctorow—who speaks for The Interests—pulls McCormick down by the shoulder and whispers in his ear. McCormick gets it straight and says, "Politics is complicated, chief." Then he hems and haws about how he doesn't want to go over the head of the local commissioner.

Sitting Bull turns his back and leaves immediately. The interpreter scowls at the whites for a second, then exits also.

It made a nice pattern: two mirroring pairs, a big man (McCormick) and a small man (Doctorow) facing another big man (Sampson the interpreter) and small man (Frank the chief). In each pair one does all the talking for the other. The scene is shot again and again, the cameras wheeling and maneuvering for a variety of distances and angles. Sometimes someone will change a line, sometimes the delivery is perfunctory, sometimes a wisecrack, but the outline is the same: "A small request for his people," whisper, whisper, "politics is complicated, chief." Finally a chili break is called and Mike Kaplan (one of Bill's aides) comes out of the shot, flushed with the pleasure of performing. "This is such a funny scene," he says.

But as the day blackens and wears on into evening and the scene is played again and again—a trick of light, make-up, and 19th century costume turning the players into a living waxworks—one longs to call out to the President, "This time, asshole, listen to the chief!" But it'll never happen; history has no retakes. So what if you're watching all American values go to hell before your very eyes? You've seen it before. In any case, the sense of interior freedom that Altman has given his actors has little to do with the characters they play; the characters don't have the freedom to apologize, explain, change their minds, or take anything back. They don't seem to realize how badly they're fucking up. The song from the end of *Nashville* could be played over this scene too: *You can say that I'm not free, but it don't worry me*. The people in the shot keep improvising, but they never learn. ■

SO WHAT IF YOU'RE WATCHING ALL AMERICAN VALUES GO TO HELL BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES? ONE LONGS TO CALL OUT: "LISTEN TO THE CHIEF!"

# Still Waters Run Deep

## Part Two

A CHILD IS FATHER TO THE BAND
THE RETURN OF BRIAN WILSON

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

*Brian Wilson, 33, the hermit genius who founded the Beach Boys and elevated them to a permanent place in American folklore, is back in the studio with his group for the first time in years. With Brian at the helm, the Beach Boys have just completed work on an album of oldies such as "Blueberry Hill," "Palisades Park" and "Tallahassee Lassie," described as one of three lps the group is recording to fulfill its contractual commitment to Warner Bros. Records, which has not released an all-new Beach Boys album since 1972.*

*Unfortunately, Brian Wilson remains as notorious for the bizarre stories surrounding his reclusive lifestyle as he is for his music. In Part One of this story, a rather pale, overweight and child-like Wilson granted an exclusive interview in the Beach Boys' Brother Studio in Santa Monica, revealing, during the course of several hours of often-melancholy conversation, that he had never surfed in his life ("I was scared of the water"), and that he has been largely inactive over the last two years ("All I ever recorded was skimpy little bits and pieces") because his songwriting instincts had deserted him ("I got too* thoughtful *about it and I fucked up").*

*Also, in Part One, it was disclosed that Brian signed an as-yet unsuccessful production contract with RCA's Equinox Records in 1975. Equinox co-owner Terry Melcher explained that "Brian wouldn't even touch anything in the control booth; he acted like he was afraid to."*

*Our sources also revealed that* Holland *and the live Beach Boys lp that followed had both initially been rejected by Warner Bros., and that Brian had composed "Sail On Sailor," the group's most successful Warner Bros. single, through an act of compassionate coercion on the part of friend and onetime-collaborator Van Dyke Parks. ("Brian says, 'Hey you gotta convince me, Van Dyke, that I'm not insane!' Van Dyke says, 'Cut the shit, Brian. I want you to write this tune right here.'")*

*In addition, it was discovered that Brian Wilson may be unusually dependent on his family for money and mobility. He lost his driver's license several years ago after being involved in a series of automobile accidents and now must rely for transportation on his cousin Stan Love, who acts as a chauffeur—and bodyguard. Furthermore, friends told of Brian's being continually broke, and, on the infrequent times he traveled unescorted, customarily arriving in taxicabs—for which they had to pay the fare.*

*In this final part of our story, we explore portions of Brian Wilson's past and spend an afternoon with him in his L.A. mansion, which he calls "a big house with a big wall around it."*

"Good God, Brian! Would you stop that coughing? It sounds terrible! You're gonna really hurt yourself!"

"Stanley—wait a minute—I . . . *Heeeaaarrumpft!* I can't—*Heeeaaaarrrumpft!* Oh, boy I can't *help* this damn coughing! I can't!"

"Bri-an," Stan pleads, pounding for emphasis on the steering wheel of the silver-grey Mercedes he is driving; the semi-tropical scenery whizzes by. "You're *not* gonna get rid of that damn cough until you quit all that damn *smok-ing*!"

It's a glorious day in Southern California; the air is crisp and bracing, and the sun leaps through the windshield like a wild animal as Stan Love, Brian Wilson and I ascend a steep road that runs alongside a stretch of UCLA's cross-country course. We are returning from a short jogging session on the less demanding portion of the dirt trails; the exercise is one facet of a physical fitness program Love has developed for Brian to get the pot-bellied Beach Boy back into sound physical shape.

"You're right about smoking," Brian submits, looking over at his slim, wiry cousin from the front passenger seat. "But gosh, it sure is tough! Heck, I feel like a cigarette right now!"

Brian thrusts a fleshy white arm across the dashboard, reaching for a pack of Marlboros that have slid over towards Stan, but is thwarted by another attack of the furious, hacking cough that has badgered him for the last few days.

"See?" Stan scolds. "*Listen* to yourself! You'd better *do* something about that, Brian!"

The first thing someone should do is shut the goddamn windows; all four are rolled down and the wind whipping through them and down from the gaping sunroof is reaching gale proportions. Brian's flimsy shirt is wide open and he'll be lucky if he doesn't catch pneumonia.

Ignoring the admonishments of his chauffeur, Brian turns around to offer his own viewpoint.

"You know, coughing is good for you!" he chirps hoarsely. "It's good because it makes your face flush and it gets the blood rushing to your head! It gets everything moving!"

"*Whoa*!" Brian moans, as the Mercedes catches the full slope of the incline. "Boy, this *is* a big hill! And look at those guys!" he says, indicating several young men dressed in sweat clothes who are headed in the opposite direction. "I don't know how those guys could do that if they smoked like me! Probably couldn't, huh?"

GUY WEBSTER

*Quitting: "I think it's occurred to all of us."*

"Course not," snaps Stan, eyes on the road. "And if you think this hill is something, check out this sharp turn coming up here. I mean, it's like 'Deadman's Curve' or something. . . ."

"Deadman's Curve!" Brian whoops. "Did you know I helped write a song called that for Jan and Dean? Did you, Stanley? Pretty good song. Didn't you know that?" No answer. Brian turns to me. "*You* knew that, didn't you?"

Yes, I knew that.

Love slows the Mercedes as we reach the main entrance to an ultra-rich enclave marked by a tasteful icy-blue neon sign with the name *Bel Air* lit in liquid script. We slip past the little police station and onto Bellagio Road. A Spanish-style mansion surrounded by a high brick wall looms suddenly on the left. Pulling up to the iron gates, lanky Stan leans out the window and presses a button on the intercom suspended on a short post. There is a pause, and then the small speaker barks a metallic "Hello?"

"Marilyn? Yeah, it's Stan. . . ."

There is another pause as Stan sits back and then the gates swing open automatically to admit us. As we follow the winding driveway around to the rear of the house, I glimpse a sign stuck in the grass: DRIVE CAREFULLY. CHILDREN AT PLAY. Looking over my shoulder, I note the gates slowly closing behind us.

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When Brian first moved into this home in the late-'60s, he had the hacienda-like building painted a bright purple. A Bel Air Citizens Committee went *bonkers* and quickly called a meeting that culminated in a terse demand. Brian eventually relented, and the mansion was redone in a more traditional pale yellow. There is nothing garish about the house or grounds these days; nothing that might attract attention.

Stan parks the car opposite the garage, beside a hurricane fence that encloses a large mosaic tile swimming pool.

"What do you want to do now?" Stan asks his charge as we climb out of the car. "Do you want to go right into the house?"

"Well," Brian whines, "I'm not sure. . . ."

"Hey, I got an idea!" Stan announces with a knowing grin. "Let's shoot some hoops!" Without waiting for a reaction, Love—a star forward in college, former Baltimore Bullet, and presently an unemployed pro—saunters into the garage and emerges with two basketballs. One is tossed to me, the other to Brian, and we bounce about taking shots for about 15 minutes while Stan comments on our form.

Brian has a good foul shot but cannot dribble. When he misses or fumbles, he blames it on his loose shirt-tails: "Damn! My fucking shirt keeps getting in my way!" Stan ignores him until the remark becomes a full-fledged redundancy. "Come on," he finally chides. "No excuses."

Posed in another attempt at overcoming his apparel, Brian becomes embarrassed, lets the ball drop from his hands and heads for the house.

"Wait a minute, buddy!" Stan hollers consolingly. "You didn't make that last shot! You should *always* make the last shot before you call it quits."

The idea seems reasonable to Brian and he returns, grim-faced, to complete the unfinished chore. Seven tries later, he hooks a beauty into the net: *Swish*!

"Nice work, buddy," Stan congratulates him as we walk down the veranda to the front door. "See, you should always end on the right note. Always. You oughta know that by now."

***

Bruce Johnston is confident he ended his association with the Beach Boys at the proper time, but grants that he may have missed the right note. Johnston joined the group in 1965 as a replacement for Brian Wilson; Glen Campbell had been the first stand-in, serving for several months before he was grounded by illness. Johnston knew Brian and the rest of the fellas from his days cutting surf records with Terry Melcher as Bruce & Terry and as The Ripchords. Brian helped pen several hits for B&T and he had early-on observed that Bruce's voice closely resembled his own, especially in the higher registers.

"But nobody could ever fill Brian Wilson's shoes with the Beach Boys," says Johnston, "and leaving the group was definitely the best thing I ever did."

Since bowing out of the band for good in 1972 (after disagreements with then-manager Jack Rieley), Johnston has gone on to substantial success as a songwriter, with material such as Barry

Manilow's version of "I Write The Songs" and covers of "Disney Girls" selling $5 million worth of records in the last year.

"I was writing songs a lot while I was with the Beach Boys," he explains, "but most of them I never showed to the group. I felt that if I *filled in* an album with two or three songs each time, that would keep songs that we might be lucky enough to get from Brian *out*, so I just decided to stay low.

"I felt that one of the reasons it wasn't happening for us record-wise in the late-'60s and early-'70s was because of the fact that Brian wasn't into it, and then because of his lack of contributions. When you have a Brian Wilson in your group and he's not productive, it's gonna be tough to sell, because he created such an incredible legacy.

"After a while, most of the things were done by each member," Johnston reflects. "And when groups start doing that—especially after you've had such a strong writer-leader—that's when you start losing it. It's not that the other guys in the group aren't talented or couldn't produce hits, but at that point they were ignoring what Brian was able to offer. Well, in fact, he might not have been in any condition to *want* to offer anything, but anyhow, that's when it starts fading a little.

"I know that when we took 'Surf's Up' and patched it together to finally get it out, I came up with some vocal parts in the style of what *Brian* would have done," he says. "It got to a point where we were writing and arranging in the style of Brian Wilson, because he really wasn't actively involved. It really got ridiculous."

*1962 Boys at Paradise Cove, Ca.: At 20, Brian (top r.) is boss*

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"Well, Stan, you're right. I guess you gotta stay active," Brian concedes as we enter the house. "Yup, that *is* important."

Once inside, Brian heads straight for the kitchen, where he extracts a carton of orange juice from the refrigerator, pours himself a tall, frosty draught, and tilts it into his mouth with a vigorous cock of the elbow.

"Gimme those vitamins!" he gasps between gulps. "They're great!"

Stan suggests I interview Brian in the living room. "Brian'll be in, in a minute," he assures, guiding me out of the kitchen and through a well-appointed dining room overpowered by busy wallpaper with a botanical motif that gives one the vague sense of having stepped into the cover of *Smiley Smile*. Beyond lies the main parlor, which opens onto an array of large rooms and a stairway winding upward. Underfoot is an extremely thick pile carpet with a sculptured design that resembles a whirling pool of water.

To my right, several steps lead down into a comfortable den dominated by a large Norman Rockwell print which hangs over the mantelpiece. Seeing that I'd appreciate a Cook's Tour, Stan motions me in.

To my right, in the corner, is a 1930's telephone booth, complete with the old crank-style magneto phone. The room's left wall is glass from floor to ceiling and reveals a small courtyard with a bubbling fountain. The rest of the room is taken up with expensive furniture, a billiard table and a Chickering grand piano.

"Brian wrote 'Good Vibrations' on this piano," says Stan, respectfully. "Most of that *Smiley Smile* was written on it; a lot of great music." That would make it Brian's sandbox keyboard. The piano bench is upholstered in a black and white needlepoint design of several bars of music. "Those are the opening notes of 'California Girls,'" Stan explains.

From the den, we proceed to a giant rectangular living room furnished with chunky, overstuffed couches and chairs covered in dark shades of velvet. Set into the far wall is a large stained-glass window illustrating a jocund crowd of flowers and bees that I recognize immediately as the cover of *Wild Honey*.

When he first moved into the Bellagio mansion, Brian had a fully-equipped recording studio in this room. Now he must be content with a six-foot console unit built into the wall that powers four JBL Studio Monitors hanging from the ceiling in each corner. Beneath the one nearest the *Wild Honey* window is a 6' x 4' Advent VideoBeam TV screen.

Stan stretches out on the longest couch, located beneath a row of picture windows that overlook another veranda and the rolling grounds. I sit on a smaller sofa nearest the husky stone fireplace, on which hangs a small needlepoint sign, a gift from Cher Allman that advises: KEEP IT LIGHT.

While waiting for Wilson, Stan and I chat about pro basketball. After a few minutes on the subject, Love seems a bit down. He is telling me half-jokingly, "If you hear about any pro club that needs a good, out-of-work player, let me know. . . ." when Brian ambles in, toting a half-glass of OJ. He plops down into a deep chair to my right and eyes me warily.

"We're gonna do an interview, right?" he inquires in a quavering, nasal tone.

"Yes," I reply. "I'd like to pick up where we left off yesterday. . . ."

"Yesterday?" he says with surprise. "Were *you* at the studio yesterday?"

The utter honesty of the question throws me off balance. I can't tell whether he's uncertain where he saw me last, or doesn't recall ever meeting me before. During the morning, from the time Stan picked me up in the car until this moment, Brian had seemed far more relaxed than he had the previous afternoon at Brother Studio; I assumed he'd grown accustomed to my being around.

"Don't you remember?" I ask. "Don't you remember our interview yesterday?"

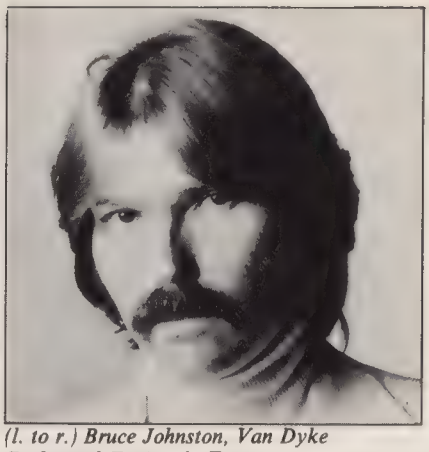
"Ohhh yeah," Brian murmurs, unconvinced, as he looks me over suspiciously. "Oh *yeah*!" he suddenly repeats, a relieved look blooming in his face. "That's right! I played you the new songs yesterday! Boy! Where *is* my memory? Now what was I thinking of?" His laugh rings unsettingly hollow.

I get the feeling that if I hadn't brought it up, Brian might never have known. Didn't he remember when his brother Dennis made the arrangements? I decide not to press him, recollecting with a chill something that Van Dyke Parks had said to me a week earlier:

"Music is Brian Wilson's best friend, lover, everything. On a one-to-one basis, it's the only thing that has *never* wronged him. It's when people, and gossip, and record companies came into play that things went askew. The music never betrayed him; it's the *only* thing he can trust. And given Brian's vulnerable, exclusive nature, it's only natural that it's the central fact and *concern* in his life. He may forget a name or a contract, but he never forgets the music. It's a consequence of devotional thinking, and geniuses are prone to it."

Parks neglected to tell me how one goes about conversing with an absent-minded genius, however, and being a layman, I

MITCHELL ROSE



*(l. to r.) Bruce Johnston, Van Dyke Parks and Equinox's Terry Melcher, the $23,000 man*

see I'll have to wing it. I begin by mentioning what Bruce Johnston had said about the other Beach Boys' earnest attempts to mimic him in the studio during the lean years.

"I don't know about that," he allows in the innocent tone I've grown to expect from him. "I was out of it at that time; I was too much in my head all the time. It's *hard* to come up with original material. We go back and pull out the old tapes all the time. We love them, but that's the problem; so if we don't come up with original stuff, we turn to oldies like I'm doing now and they come through. There's a lot of music and songs to bank on; to use and to cut.

"I think that there's a lot of need for old-time music—which is why we did 'Palisades Park'! We're gonna start building from right there. Carl calls that song a 'classic.' He doesn't like it when you say 'oldies.' He says that kind of a song is a standard that's fun to hear forever. If you call it an oldie, it sounds like something . . . decaying. 'Classic' makes it good, a treasure.

"I love the old stuff that we did better than the new stuff. It was simple in its crude form, and I liked that. But I don't think I'm gonna call our old stuff 'oldies' anymore."

He gets up and goes over to the wall console, rummages through a stack of cassettes and inserts one in the tape deck, pressing the "Play" button. "Listen to this," he says meekly.

The monitors virtually explode with the old Freddy Cannon hit, the jolt of sound hitting Brian like a double shot of pure adrenalin. He starts singing—shouting—the lyrics along with the tumultuous track, clapping forcefully for good measure:

*Run, run, running, now the rides are running . . .*
*Last night I took a walk in the dark,*
*A swinging place called Palisades Park*
*To roam around and see what I could seeeeee*
*That's where the girls are!*

The Beach Boys' treatment is coarse, even sloppy, but full of happy energy. If not for the obvious maturity of Carl's lead vocal, I would adjudge the tape to be 13 or 14 years old. Brian plays the song several times in succession, throwing his palms together with vigor and accentuating portions of the verses with barnyard catcalls.

It is during the fourth run-through when his face abruptly locks into a grimace. He rushes over to the tape deck, stops and rewinds the cassette and lets the song blare until it reaches the second line in the second verse:

*I took a ride on the Shoot The Chute*
*The girl I sat beside was awful cute—*

He halts the tape on "cute," greatly annoyed by *something*. Another rewind and the song is replayed to the same point. He repeats the procedure perhaps ten times without explanation. In the interim, he wanders around the living room and then throughout the house, hitting the kitchen for more juice, poking about in the dining room, yet always returning at the last possible moment to halt the tape at the same *precise* spot.

I'm stunned by his uncanny sense of timing; he must have a tape meter imbedded in his skull. Stan, who is thumbing idly through a magazine, never even looks up, either totally oblivious to Brian's nerve-wracking feat or exquisitely blase in the face of what, for all I know, could be a daily ritual.

I cringe as Brian calmly rewinds "Palisades" for the umpteenth time and am contemplating crying out when, instead of tapping the "Play" button . . . he speaks:

"Something's wrong with the fucking drums," he says bitterly. "I wish I could figure out what's wrong with those drums! That bass drum is *pounding*, but it's off; it seems *bottomless*. Darn it! What's wrong with the drums?"

I am just beginning to adjust to this unexpected oasis of relative calm when Brian starts the song again, increasing the volume. The roller coaster anthem roars in from all directions, rollicking toward the inevitable checkpoint. Incredibly, Stan pays no attention, slowly turning the pages of his magazine.

The second verse begins. Carl is singing about the Shoot The Chute—The girl . . . he sits beside . . . is awful . . . cute—and Brian lets the tune continue. For the first time in 20 minutes, he lets it hurtle to its conclusion; and at the very second it starts to subside:

"OH, WOW!" he booms, scaring the shit out of me. "I'm thinking I should end this song with the roller coaster taking off into outer space like a ROCKETSHIP!!! I'll let the song just end there—just end! What do you guys think of that?! Huh? Is that a good idea?"

Stan, head down, says nothing. Wrung out, I shrug.

"Yeah, well, I guess not, huh?" he wheezes. "No. Forget that. Forget it."

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**During the recording of the album which was to have been released under the name, *Smile*, Brian Wilson composed a piece of music known officially as "Mrs. O'Leary's Cow," but legendarily referred to as "Fire." The music simulated fire itself, and was performed by leading Los Angeles studio musicians under the direction of Brian and Van Dyke Parks. Brian's wife, Marilyn, recalls rushing about Los Angeles purchasing firemen's hats for the musicians on the day of the session. The music is stimulating, and, to some, frightening. A short time after the track was recorded, there were, coincidentally, a number of major fires in the LA area. Whether they contributed to the year-long delay in the release of *Smile* or not, cannot be proven. The tapes of the recording session were never destroyed.**

**—from a Beach Boys press kit, August 1973**

His appetite for orange juice and "Palisades Park" temporarily assuaged, Brian sits down again and peers out the window. Anxious to get back to the interview, I deem it as good a time as any to ask him about *Smile*. Conceived of as something of an aural free-for-all, most of the music for the lp—originally titled *Dumb Angel*—was recorded under the direction of Brian and crony Van Dyke Parks while the rest of the Beach Boys were on their 1966-67 World Tour. It was a momentous pairing of literary introspection and musical roulette—Rodgers and Hammerstein in the Twilight Zone—but the queer preliminaries should have been a tipoff for the rocky road ahead. Parks recalls their very first encounter:

"I met Brian Wilson on Terry Melcher's lawn up on Cielo Drive while he and the Beach Boys were in production of *Pet Sounds* [1966]. It was at that same house [three years] later that Sharon Tate died. As a matter of fact, I visited that house on the night of the Manson murders, several hours before they took place. I went up there thinking that Terry still lived there and was told at the door that he did not, and so I left. [The murder of Sharon Tate took place in the early hours of morning on Saturday, Aug. 9, 1969. Parks allegedly visited the house late Friday evening.]

"Anyway, Brian sought me out. He had heard about me from some mutual friends, a neighborly couple who later fell into disrepute with the Wilson clan because they were experimenting with psychedelics," Parks continues. "At that time, people who experimented with psychedelics—no matter who they were—were viewed as 'enlightened people,' and Brian sought out the enlightened people."

Parks goes on to explain that he and Brian began to "hang out," exchange ideas, and ultimately work on an album that would weave Wilson's luminous melodies into Parks' ruminous monologues. By Brian's own admission, the resultant compositions were inquiries into the mind-expanding possibilities of music and the music-expanding properties of drugs—mostly hashish in this case, but occasionally acid, too.

Brian's Beverly Hills home and the studios he used for the *Smile* sessions became havens and/or rallying points for a loose group of musicians, friends and hangers-on, some who liked company when they tripped or partners to whom they could pass the hash pipe. Sources close to Brian at that time remember the climate around their host to have been "carefree" and "very spacey."

"Things were unique then, very playful and unpredictable—just like Brian," says one noted participant, who adds, "There was a very different observance of manners and social niceties at Brian's house. It was always an amusing decision whether to leave your shoes on, or take them off, when you stepped into his piano sandbox."

When the Beach Boys got back, they were, according to various accounts—including their own—either ecstatic, confused, disappointed or appalled by the music Brian unveiled in a series of listening sessions. They reportedly had many of the same reactions to Brian's dabblings in drugs.

"I always appreciated the musical changes," says Mike Love of the *Smile* tapes. "The only thing that I didn't like about that period was that those guys hanging around Brian at that time were into a lot of drugs, and I didn't appreciate or dig that. And so I may have projected a bit of, if not animosity, then something resembling it, towards people who would just come by and hang out with Brian and try to get him high and give him drugs."

Whatever their opinions on Brian's music and lifestyle were, history will note that the band decided the tracks they heard could not be released in their then-present form.

At the time, Brian reportedly went into shock over the verdict, but now when I ask him why the Beach Boys had ruled the record unsuitable for release, his reply seems an artistic aboutface:

"That *Dumb Angel*, we *never* finished it," he announced coldly, "because a lot of that shit just bothered me—but half of the shit we didn't finish anyway. Van Dyke Parks did a lot of it; we used a lot of fuzz tone. It was inspiring, 'cause Van Dyke is a very creative person, and it was a boost to me because he had a lot of energy and a lot of fresh ideas, so that energy has helped me. But a lot of the stuff was what I call little 'segments' of songs and it was a period when I was getting stoned and so we never really got an album; we never *finished* anything!"

Why not?

"Why?!" he says, excitedly. "Because we got off on bags that just fucking didn't have any value for vocals! A lot of tracks just weren't *made* for vocals, so the group couldn't do it! We really got *stoned*! We were too fucking high, you know, to complete the stuff! We were *stoned*! You know, *stoned* on hash 'n shit!"

Brian is visibly upset, but I am determined to ask the next logical question.

"Is it true that you erased the vocal tracks on some of the *Smile* tapes, and destroyed whole tapes as well?"

"Yeah," he swears. "I had to! I had to! It was destroying me! I was being destroyed thinking about it! It just wasn't my kind of music!"

"And is it true," I add, "that you destroyed the 'Fire' tapes because there was a big blaze across the street from the recording studio one night while you were working on them, and you felt your music had caused it?"

"Yeah!" Brian rejoins, still louder, "And it made me think that was a stupid thing to do—so I stopped! It scared me away!"

"Oh," I affirm softly, trying to calm him down. "I see."

***

Up until the Beach Boys' decision to can the original *Smile* lp, Capitol had every intention of releasing it as the next Beach Boys record under catalogue number T2580. At least two versions of an album jacket had been designed, differing only slightly. The front cover of both was a primitive drawing of a quaint "smile" shop, its display windows filled with various and sundry smiles and presided over by a curly-haired proprietor and his wife—also smiling. On the back cover of the prototypes was a black & white photo of the group, surrounded by astrological signs; strangely, Brian was not in the picture.

The original titles of *Smile*'s aborted cuts are as follows: "Old Master Painter," "Surf's Up," "The Grand Coulee Dam," "Who Ran The Iron Horse," "You Are My Sunshine," "Our Prayer," "Bicycle Rider," "Cabin Essence," "Heroes and Villains," "Indian Wisdom," "Can't Wait Too Long," "Wind Chimes," "Wonderful," and the "Elements Suite," which consisted of "Mrs. O'Leary's Cow (From The Fire)," "Vega-Tables (From The Earth)," "Good Vibrations (From

The Air)" and "I Love To Say Dada (From The Water)."

Capitol even put together several ads for the record, and printed a full-color booklet of abstract illustrations interpreting Parks equally abstract lyrics. The text for one ad read:

"LOOK! Listen! VIBRATE! SMILE! It's Brian, Dennis, Carl, Al and Mike's greatest ever! Contains 'GOOD VIBRATIONS, their all-time biggest-selling single, other new and fantastic Beach Boys songs . . . AND . . . an exciting full-color sketchbook look inside the world of Brian Wilson!"

What Brian's world looked like back then, most of us will never know.

***

"No Warner Bros. official ever heard any of *Smile*," says Dave Berson, executive assistant to the chairman of the board of the label. "But when I made the deal [in 1972] for the purchase of the five Capitol albums that came to us and that we've re-released [the albums were purchased/awarded to the Beach Boys through a law suit with Capitol; they sub-leased them to Warners] that deal included *Smile*. And the reason that it included *Smile* was that Carl Wilson told me that the tapes had not been destroyed; that he had them, and that, in fact, he was working on them, trying to put them together.

"On the other hand, whenever I've discussed it with Brian, Brian has denied that the album exists, telling me that he burned the tapes."

Carl Wilson bristles at the mention of *Smile*. I tell him what Brian had said about destroying tapes but he denies that the lp is *kaput* or that it ever really belonged to Warner Bros.

"The album was never completed," he says. "The "Fire' tapes were *not* destroyed and all that kinda crap. Where are the tapes? I couldn't say. I listened to some of it years ago, but I haven't listened to it lately, so I'm not sure."

Regarding Berson's *Smile*-related assertions of a contractual hold on the elusive lp, Carl states: "That is not so. In the original signing, the *Smile* album was *not* included. We had another signing [with Warners] that covered the rest of the world, and I think the *Smile* album was included in that. It was kind of a penalty, where if we didn't deliver it by 5 p.m. next week or some stupid thing, we gave them back $50,000. Anyhow, our relationship with Dave Berson stinks."

***

NEAL PRESTON

*Brian with daughters Wendy (near l.) and Carnie (top l.)*

The talk of *Smile* has left Brian jittery and he begins pacing, a faraway look in his eyes. Stan has put down his magazine and watches the eldest Wilson with casual concern.

"Brian, man," he counsels soothingly, and with, I think, a measure of true affection, "why don't you relax? Just sit down and *relax*, and do the interview."

Ever-accommodating, Brian does as Stan asks, and there ensues an extended silence while I contemplate a topic less troublesome. I elect to ask him who he admires in contemporary music. He replies in the same manner in which he says nearly everything: by drawing an exaggerated breath and lifting his eyebrows as he fixes his mouth slightly left of center in a big "O"; his discourse is that of a little boy trying to talk like a man, an oddly theatrical speech that resembles, say, a cub scout reciting the Webelos pledge for his den mother.

"Let's see," he mulls, tapping his forehead. "Oh! I've always liked Marvin Gaye—he's one of my favorite artists! And Art Garfunkel! I'd love to meet Art Garfunkel! I'd love to!"

"Did you enjoy his *Breakaway* album?" I ask.

"What *Breakaway* album?" he says. "There was no *Breakaway* album!"

"It's right behind you on the shelf," I tell him, pointing to the album cover sitting in full view on one of several shelves nearby.

He turns and quickly sees it.

"Oh, his album!" he exults. "Goddamn! What *was* I thinking about? Yes. 'You need a little space in time to breakaway.' That's true. And, a . . . I've met Stevie Wonder! He laughs a lot. He has a grin on his face a lot. He looks high, like he's loaded on something, but I don't know. I didn't talk to him; I just said hello. That was years ago."

"You met Paul Anka," Stan reminds him.

"Yeah," says Brian, out of the corner of his mouth. "I met Paul Anka out in Las Vegas. Paul Anka just looked pooped. We didn't say much. But—hey, I love Bacharach and David! They did two of my *favorite* songs. They did a thing called 'My Little Red Book.' I love that and I might record it."

He bursts into song:

*I just took out my*
*little red book*
*The minute you said*
*goodbye!*

"What's the second song?"

"The second song? I don't remember, but . . . and I liked the Beatles! I thought melodically they were very creative."

"It's been my understanding from talking to people around you," I tell him, "that you always felt in close competition with the Beatles."

"Yeah, well, it's a business," he instructs.

"Were you flattered by 'Back In The USSR' [their parody/tribute to the Beach Boys]?"

"I didn't even recognize that until someone said something," he confides without expression. "I thought that was really *adorable*. And, a . . . I think the Stones are one of the best groups. I like 'Going Home.'"

"What was it like growing up back in Hawthorne? I ask. "Have you been to the old neighborhood recently?"

"Ho!" he exclaims, shivering slightly, "I wouldn't *want* to. I'd be scared to death just to go back there." Then, almost to himself: "I don't know why; it's scary *enough* in Bel Air."

Fearful of upsetting him again, I shift gears.

"Er, when did you start playing piano?"

He brightens considerably. "Our first piano," he beams, "was when I was about six . . . er, four years old. I played it and learned real early to play chords. I loved it! My uncle helped me a little bit, and my dad and mom, but I generally just kept fooling around 'til I learned it. Mom and dad played organ and piano and they used to write songs together and sing duets for me. They used to sing for me a lot!

"My mom's really a sweet person, very philosophical, very convinced of her ways. Dad was a little ballsy. He had a lot of

balls. With him, everything was 'punch!' He really tackled things; really got behind them. He believed in a little punch!

"Yeah, my old dad helped; I won't forget him," he mutters morbidly in reference to the death in the summer of 1973 of the legendarily big-hearted bully who, as the Beach Boys first manager, landed their contract with Capitol.

"My dad made an album [in 1967 on Capitol] called *The Many Moods Of Murry Wilson*," says Brian. "I have the album, but I don't want to play it, because he died."

That said, Brian rises hurriedly and goes to an upright piano in the corner and starts hammering out a harsh, aggressive melody I do not recognize; possibly he is angry or unhappy or both, but his face is totally blank, and so I can only guess.

When he retakes his chair there is the barest trace of a smile on his pale lips and he begins talking with a touching enthusiasm, like a child remembering a grand Christmas morning.

"Boy, Hawthorne was *something*," he allows. "It was very competitive in sports. The guys playing sports there were very rough about it. [So was Brian—he helped break Al Jardine's leg in a football game.] But that teaches you about having to get back on your feet again and keep playing!

"I was really a baseball *fanatic*. I played centerfield, and I was okay! I really practiced a lot; a lot of training. And I was about a B student or B-plus in school. English was probably my favorite. I liked English, because there's a lot of tools that you can learn from it to aid you in your thinking, so it's good to use those tools and I guess I sensed that when I was learning it. I said, 'Hey! This is gonna be valuable, all this English I'm taking!' Because it always pays to have a little vocabulary.

"For homework in English, I used to write like Edgar Allen Poe; I useta copy his style. I'd copy that sort of *excitement*.

"Hawthorne, that's a crummy town, though," he says, shaking his head. "It was not like Bel Air or Beverly Hills. I lived at 3701 West 119th Street; it was a small house.

"Back then," he confides, "Dennis was a real nature boy. He'd get up in the morning and go out searching for trashcans, looking in trashcans, just for stuff to find. He just liked to open up the lid and just see—he liked to *see*. And he didn't like waiting around for the family to get up; he'd always get up first. He was a real sports guy!

"I was closer to Carl at the time. Carl was real shy and quiet and he always liked to be with his mom; he used to talk to Mom. We used to sing a lot, learning the arrangements to folk songs."

[Carl's desire to be with his mom extended into the studio. There is evidence that the Beach Boys' aboriginal recording experience was under the name Kenny and the Cadets. On the 'A' side of their Randy single, believed released in 1961, is a rather stirring song called "Barbee" (or Barbie) in which Brian sings his heart out, backed up by Carl—and their mother, Audree.]

"I used to have an old Rambler when I was 16 and Mike [Love] was 17," Brian goes on. "We'd hang out at Foster's Freeze—that was my hang out! Everybody had hot cars; it impressed the chicks to have a pretty cool car! Mike and I, we'd go to the drive-in with a chick and before she'd know it, we'd push the button and the seat would go all the way down! It became a bed, you know? That was really funny!

"Michael useta really dig Chuck Berry and Little Richard," Brian tells me, gathering momentum on his way down Memory Lane. "He really got into them—that's what got him into surf music. Mike and me used to go over to his house and sit in the Rambler at night and sing; sometimes 'til real late. Honest to God, we did that—like, all night! First we'd be singing inside the house and Mike's dad would kick us out, so we sang in the car. We'd do Everly Brothers songs." He illustrates: *"Stran-ded in the jun-gle!"*

"Mike had a lot of hassles with his folks," Brian says, as Stan Love looks up, suddenly interested. "I'd be on the phone

saying, 'Hey Mike! I'm gonna come to your school tomorrow at locker room time,' because we used to run track. And I'd hear his dad say, 'Get off that *goddamn* phone! I'll bust your fuckin' nose all over your fuckin' face!' He used to say that to Mike.

"And ah, let's see—oh yeah, the Pendletones! That was it, that was our first group! That was the first time we ever said, 'Hey, who's gonna play bass? Hey, I think I'll learn drums!' You know, really enthusiastic. So we'd do a song with bass and drums and one little guitar and think, 'Wow! We're doing great!' And then we became the Beach Boys. A guy named Russ Regan gave us that name. It was his idea. The name used to bother me because I was afraid we were gonna be stuck by it, stuck with a certain label, but it doesn't bother me anymore."

It should be fairly obvious by now that Brian and his Beach Boys are not intellectuals. On the contrary, they are, in the complimentary sense of the word, one of the most "basic"—and likeable—crews I've ever run across. Just a bunch of average Joes. You know the type; they're the rubbernecks that used to sit around you in sophomore French class, forever craning to copy off your quiz paper, whether you were good in the subject or not; they're the fellas who were always chosen first in a softball game and who drove the worst jalopies with the most style. And they're the ones that always ended up getting The Girl—often for no apparent reason.

Listening to Brian's wide-eyed recollections of his scuffling days, the parlance is often so unflinchingly juvenile that I find myself constantly searching his face for the put-on—but it just isn't there. If there *is* any message spoken or implied in Brian's fundamental prose, it is that the stuff of his life became the stuff of his art. Foster's Freeze and the drive-in are the settings for "Fun, Fun, Fun," just as surely a local girl named Caroline became the model for a heartbreaking memoir of misspent emotions.

"I feel I have something to say in records," Brian had told me the day before. "What I'm trying to get across is an attitude, a feeling about life and all those little things that put you together. . . ."

Here is Brian Wilson's own description of how he wrote some of the most youthfully evocative songs in American popular music:

"The lyrics just popped into my head! I'd be going, 'Oh God! I just heard something that made me jealous' or 'I'm uptight about that!' Then, all of a sudden—ZAP! I'd be back there trying to *answer* it.

"Now, maybe if there was no big defense mechanism, you'd probably say [dejectedly] 'Heck, yeah. . . . But since there's a built-in thing that makes you at least want to prove yourself—it usually goes automatic! And *I* could do it!"

Brian stands up again, responding to some unexpressed

whim, and moves to leave the room. He gets as far as the parlor when he wavers. "I'm gonna take a rest," he says tentatively. "I don't know what to do here. I don't know what to do."

Receiving no suggestions, he returns to his chair, drawn by the VideoBeam, which Stan has now switched on to watch a tennis match between Chris Evert and Evonne Goolagong Cawley.

"Is she good?" Brian asks Stan, pointing to Chris Evert.

"Sure she is!" says Stan. "She's the best in the world!"

"*Really*?" says Brian with awe. "She's *young*."

"Brian," I interject, "did you have any problems handling success when you were younger?"

"Sure did," he allows regretfully. "I didn't know how to handle money. Getting money—that was really hard for me to accept."

"Who handles your business affairs these days?"

"Steve Love, Stan's brother," he tells me. "He sorta does that stuff for the group," and then he changes the subject.

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Later, I confer with Carl Wilson concerning certain allegations by Brian's friends that he is always penniless in public—and discover that drugs are a related issue.

"Brian never seems to have any money of his own? Well," says Carl, "I know that there was a thing where Brian kept on giving people money to 'score.' Not for himself," he insists, "but for themselves. It's like he was giving a guy every week a few hundred bucks, and a very well-known guy at that. I won't mention his name, because I don't want to damage him.

"And so what the business office did was they put Brian's wife . . . ah, took Brian's signature off the checks for a while until he could be more responsible about it."

Has that policy since been reversed?

"I'm not sure," he demurred. "I'm not really in touch with Brian's personal finances, but he's in good shape."

Sources close to Brian Wilson continue to suspect, however, that his spending power remains constrained. "When Brian signed the production contract with Equinox Records and received the $23,000 bonus, he begged that the money be placed in a separate bank account from his wife's," according to a prominent figure close to the deal. "That was done and the account was opened, but I believe it's been closed since then and transferred to an account at a different bank in Marilyn's name."

The source, who requested anonymity, thinks the transfer of money came about because, he claims, "Marilyn found Brian's bankbook lying around the house. . . . At one point Brian wanted to make a complete break with the group. I was functioning as, I suppose, a personal manager, dealing with his attorneys, dealing with the group on his behalf, dealing with Warners on his behalf, trying to get copies of documents that his signature was on. He doesn't have any idea what deals he's a party to."

Carl Wilson, aware of my source's identity, and allegations, replies:

"Perhaps he had a picture of clearing up Brian's matters," he says, "but Brian's matters are very well cleared up *and* in order."

"Is it true that Brian wanted to leave the Beach Boys?" I ask.

"Perhaps it is," says Carl, "but he never told me. I mean, it could be that he told [the source] one night that he wanted to leave, or one day or one morning. I can't answer that question. It's occurred to me [to quit]. I think it's occurred to all of us at one time or another."

***

Chrissie Evert has tossed her victory racquet in the air, and as it floats across the VideoBeam screen in a slow-motion replay, the graceful blur seems momentarily buoyed by a sudden burst of laughter emanating from the veranda. The front doorbell rings, and a short, attractive brunette in her late 20s appears from the rear of the house. Dressed in a well-tailored grey corduroy jumpsuit and sneakers, she opens the door with a gracious hello and admits three little girls, each about six-years-old and lugging an overnight bag.

"Hiya kids," she coos, aiming them towards the kitchen. "Go right on in to the back. Wendy's waiting for you. I'll fix you all hot dogs."

She closes the door and turns to go, when I catch her eye.

"Hello," she calls out in a pleasantly reedy voice, walking up to me. "I'm Marilyn Wilson." Stepping over and sitting on Brian's lap, she says, "Well, what have you been talking about?"

"Oh, nothing," says Brian.

"Honey," she tells him, "Wendy's friends are arriving for the slumber party. They're gonna be here all day and night. I hope they don't drive you crazy."

"They won't," he replies firmly.

As Marilyn lingers on, making some small talk, I get the impression that she is angling for a friendly request for information. I finally oblige with a question.

"How did I meet Brian? Well, I'm from Chicago," she begins. "I moved to California in 1955. I'm 28 now and I got married when I was 16. Brian and I have been married 11 years. I met Brian through Gary Usher. Gary Usher was friends with my cousin Ginger, and through him I met Brian, who was then *engaged*. So, we were friends for about a year and a half before he and I started our thing.

"I met Brian at a club in LA called Pandora's Box. 'Surfin' Safari' was No. 1 and the Beach Boys were doing it onstage, and I sat right below Brian and he spilled hot chocolate on me. He said, 'Could I have a sip?'—he'd seen me drinking it—and I gave him a sip. And as he gave it back to me he spilled it on me. That was in '62; I was only 14 [Brian was 19].

"We got close because Brian heard my sister and I sing. We got to be friends with the guys and that's how the Honeys came to be. My sister Diane [Rovell], my cousin Ginger [Blake] and I formed the group and Brian did our first record, 'Surfin' Down The Swanee River.' It was Brian's arrangement of the Stephen Foster song. We released a lot of singles . . ."

". . . and they *all* bombed—my fault," Brian finishes.

"They weren't your *fault*!" she says, and tells me, "It was the typical thing."

"The record company *syndrome*," Stan offers, authoritatively.

"Well," says Marilyn, "*none* of 'em made it. So Ginger went on to her own thing and Diane and I formed Spring. We were signed to United Artists. In Europe they changed it to American Spring, because there already was a Spring, a guy group. Brian produced the album [with David Sandler], but it didn't make it. I just heard about a record shop that was selling a copy for $15. They say it's a collector's item."

"Do *you* have a copy?"

"I think so," she says, leaving Brian's lap to peruse several racks of records by the console. "See," she laughs, "it's such a collector's item that everyone who comes here collects it from our house . . . I have a couple put away that I don't touch . . . Oh! Here it is! Would you like to listen to it?"

"Sure."

She pulls the disc out of the greenish-blue jacket—and it's a copy of *Buffalo Springfield Again*.

"Aw!" she says. "Now how did that get in there?"

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Brian Wilson's professional musical career has never wanted for ironies; even under the most cursory examination, they tumble out of his past like paraphernalia out of Fibber McGee's closet. But even in their wild nimiety, most shrink from significance—and ignominy—when compared to his complete commercial (and sometimes aesthetic) failure as an independent record producer.

The woeful fact is that no producer of comparable reputation has suffered a worst track record; of the several dozen sides he has produced over the last 15 years for artists ranging from the Honeys to Paul Peterson (of *Donna Reed* TV

fame), none have done better than bubble under the Top 100.

Back in the early-'60s, when it seemed Brian could do no wrong on behalf of the Beach Boys, he made a number of side-trips into the studio for the independent production of singles by various singers and vocal/musical groups. The very first [excepting the "home-made" Bob & Sheri single in 1961] was for an obscure group called Rachel and the Revolvers on Dot in October of 1962. The record, consisting of two thin, clamorous songs entitled "The Revolution" and "Number One," nose-dived at approximately the same time that the Beach Boys' brilliant "Ten Little Indians" was soaring up the charts. As detailed earlier, Brian did not solo as a producer with his band until "Surfer Girl" in the summer of 1963. Capitol was duly impressed with his burgeoning composing/arranging skills, however, and since the Beach Boys' first three singles had been smashes, the company said go ahead on the Honeys.

Unfortunately, the three young ladies couldn't sing particularly well. While that didn't seem to bother Brian, the public, in 1963 turned a cold shoulder to *their* first three 45s. Although Nick Venet was co-host on the first, it was Brian who had to take the blame, since he had championed the trio, wrote some of the songs and arranged most of them, with the other Beach Boys and the usual troupe of LA studio cats assisting instrumentally.

Understandably, Capitol refused to consider a Honeys lp, especially after they had tried to sell the group as "the Beach Girls," posing them with surfboards in their promo shots and making much of the fact that Brian Wilson was in charge. Marilyn, Ginger and Diane were harmless enough singing occasional back-up with their boyfriends—but they didn't have the goods to go it alone. Yet, for some reason—an ambitious wife, perhaps—Brian would not accept this and later produced two more Honeys singles.

One of the problems was that Brian was too reticent to look beyond his small circle of friends and associates for talent, and so he continued to fail, during 1963-64, with a pair of singles by a girl friend of Mike Love's named Sharon Marie and an atrocious vocal debut (entitled "Sacramento") by Gary Usher, with whom he had written "409" and "In My Room."

It's not surprising that his best independent production effort on Capitol was a rewrite of "Car Crazy Cutie" called "Pamela Jean," since it was recorded by the Beach Boys under the pseudonym The Survivors. (There is evidence that a demoralized Brian Wilson did it just to see if his band could get a hit without their attendant surfside personae.) It was a fine release, with a swell instrumental on the flip side called "After The Game," that demonstrated many of the clever percussive effects the producer would later perfect on *Pet Sounds* and *Smiley Smile*—but it went nowhere.

***

"Marilyn has a new single," Brian tells me and goes over to a book shelf in search of it.

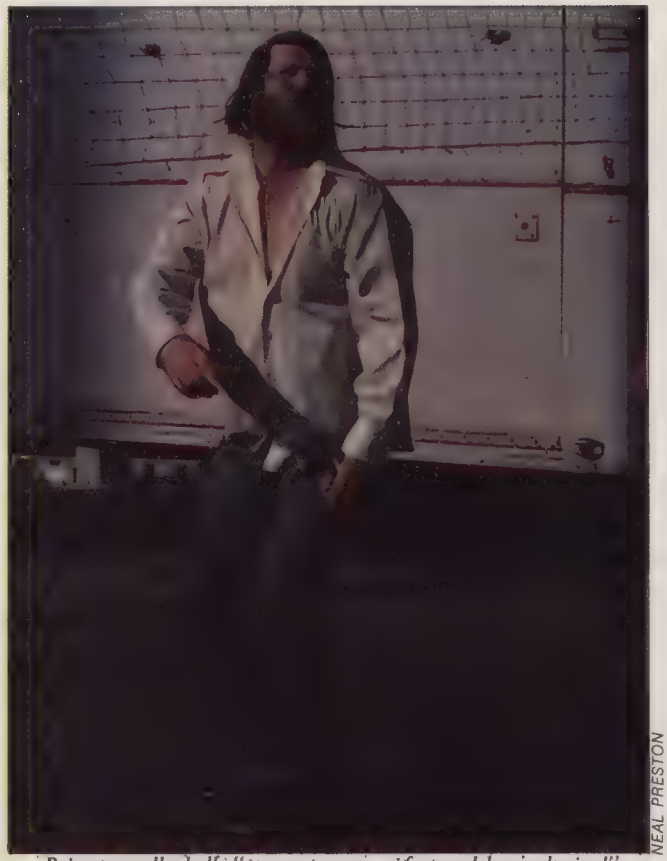
"I don't think it's over there, honey," says Marilyn, who strides out, reappearing moments later with a cassette. "Here it is, Brian! Here it is!"

Brian takes it from her and sticks it in the tape deck.

"This is Marilyn's new single," he says dryly. "It was recorded at Western Studios. I did the instruments; I played all that's here, and Marilyn and I did the background voices."

The music begins to drift out of the monitors. Bouncy, crude, but catchy, it has the unmistakably hallmarks of a record with a B. Wilson byline: simple, dampened drums; snappy, accordion-like organ; a melodic, yet commanding bassline and loads of unDolbyized emptiness to heighten the strategic use of echo. If Brian is indeed playing everything, he's coordinated his efforts beautifully.

I am so enamored of the fact that I'm listening to a competent, engaging new production by the man, that several bars of the song go by before I realize that it's a remake of the old Jimmie Rodgers hit,"Honeycomb." Marilyn's vocals are a bit flat and her phrasing ungainly, but there is genuine excitement when she and her husband team up for multi-tracked harmonies in the choruses.



NEAL PRESTON

*Brian vs. volleyball: "...get on your feet and keep playing!"*

Marilyn sways with the beat as the music plays on, but Brian stands stiffly at the console, glaring at me. As "Honeycomb" fades, he raises his voice in an emotionless query: "That's it. Do you like it?"

"It was fun," I answer and Marilyn grins. She is still grinning when Brian, in an oddly cautious move, leans over as if to kiss her on the cheek, then hesitates. There is an awkward second before his wife notices, comprehends his intentions, and then offers her cheek to him with a consenting tilt of her head. He plants the tiniest peck and then straightens up, addressing me as if still talking over the din of the now-ended tape:

"She's got a great voice! She's one of the best singers I've ever heard in my life!" Then, in a more normal tone: "If I could produce any artist, I'd produce my wife, Marilyn Wilson—or I'd produce *Bobby Goldsboro*."

***

"Anyone who would hear what I have been able to hear over the past month, in the most casual situations, *on this piano*—Brian Wilson's recent works—would be astounded by his development and evolution," Van Dyke Parks vows, patting lovingly the spinet at which he is seated, in the small, sparsely-furnished living room of his modest Hollywood apartment.

A slight, bespeckled man of 33, Parks speaks with a convoluted eloquence worthy of William Jennings Bryan or a carnival barker. He politely declines to discuss the making of "Sail On Sailor," relegating his role in its conception to "a simple act of moral support."

"There has been a great deal of attention placed—and it's been a devisive issue—on whether or not Brian Wilson will do any more recording 'by himself,'" Parks tells me. "He should have been permitted by now to record a solo album. Brian has appealed to Warner Bros. since [the Beach Boys] signing there, to do record production on his own.

"Now it may be for some legal reason, as a secretary of an executive would put it, that Brian has not been permitted to

work within the reasonable boundaries of his own initiative. But I see no reason why he should not be producing records by himself, and I think he could do that very easily.

"One time Brian said to me that he had asked an executive of Warner Bros. for some money to produce an album, and an under-executive, to which he had to address himself finally, offered him a figure which it is safe to assume could not on any real basis provide for an album. It was inadequate for an album *or even a single*; it was an insulting figure, and even Brian Wilson is capable of being insulted.

"I've known him only to be very generous, and driven mostly by his sense of humanity. That's why he employed me; to make sure that I was eating; to make sure that I had a car.

"And you must understand that Brian developed a new volume of sales for the record industry. He developed a new sense of *economics*. So you could understand how subject he could be to. . . resentment or hate. And he hasn't displayed *any*. Still . . . justice denied is justice denied."

***

Has Brian Wilson ever approached Warner Bros. about doing a solo album?

"Yes," says Dave Berson. "And the decision on that was always up to Brian. Needless to say, whatever he would want to do, we would love for him to do."

"I have heard from people in the industry," I explain, "that he approached you—meaning Warner Bros., but perhaps you personally—with a proposal, and Warners offered him a grossly insufficient amount of money, quoted in the area of $5,000, for a single, perhaps."

"He was supposed to record something for $5,000? If it were a single or if it were a side, it's quite possible," says Berson. "I've gotta tell you that he approached me *directly* on any number of occasions and I've always encouraged him. I don't think that we ever really talked about money, except on one particular occasion where he seemed to be serious and I actually got that fire lit in me that said, 'Hey, lookit; maybe this guy's really gonna do it.' And I think we talked about money, and he characterized the offer as being more than sufficient and in fact one of the most generous he had *ever* received.

"There were advisors that he consulted who disagreed and didn't think the offer was so generous. Marilyn said, 'How can you insult my husband that way?' and Brian asked her to leave the meeting. He said, 'Get out of here! This is a very generous offer and I want to continue this meeting in spite of what you think.'

"But there's always been an outstanding offer to him and an understanding between he and myself, and between he and Mo [Ostin, Chairman of the Board and President of Warner Bros. Records], that whenever he wants to do something, we'll certainly support him, *and* back him up, *and* pay for it.

"The plans are always the same: there are no plans because you don't know what Brian's gonna do. You're never certain whether his proposals are going to evaporate in thin air in the next minute. Anybody who gives a shit about the record business and is aware of Brian Wilson—and that's got to be anybody that is aware of almost anything—knows that a Brian Wilson project has got to be worth a lot of money. But they always seemed to be transitory enthusiasms for him."

***

One recent enthusiasm of Brian's that Carl Wilson hopes isn't transitory is his current interest in returning, on a limited basis, to live concert performances. The Beach Boys reportedly pay Brian a portion of the net profit from their tours, but they would prefer he made the money in a more animated fashion.

"I think that he's going to travel with us this summer," says Carl. "I'm not making any promises, but he's saying that he wants to, and I said, 'Well, you just take it as you like it. You do what you wanna do. And if you want to play or if you want to just sneak out and play this, or if you wanna do that, I think you'll really get off like a *dog*, once you get past the stage fright.'

"When we started to become active again, around 1970," Carl recalls wistfully, "we did a thing at the Whiskey Au Go Go and Brian lasted two sets one night. Then, after the first set the next night he had to go home, because his good ear was really hurting him and he was hearing in his bad ear and it made him dizzy. His right ear is deaf, except once in a while when he's exposed to a really *loud* noise; then he kinda hears a rattle, but it hurts his good ear. Then, because of problems in his inner ear, his equilibrium gets screwed up.

"I've always kinda had a gut feeling that it was going to clear up, but that doesn't mean shit. He had an operation [in the late-'60s] that was supposed to be a success according to the surgeon attending at the time, but he still doesn't hear out of his right ear.

"I'm dying for Brian to hear *stereo*. I want so much for him to hear with both ears, because of all people, he would love it.

"Before we started working on the new albums, Brian was bored as shit. If conditions were right, and he was up to it, I would love for him to play with us. You know, Brian and I wrote one song for this new album called, 'Good Timing.' It's got a lot of counterpoint in it, lyrics overlapping." Carl recites:

*You need good timing*
*Lay down your worries*
*It takes good timing*
*Lay down your troubles . . .*

***

Brian, Stan and I are sitting in the living room watching cartoons on the VideoBeam when Wendy, Brian's button-cute daughter, creeps in with some of her little friends and approaches her father.

Wendy *(to her friends)*: "This is my daddy."
Brian: "Hi there!"
Friends *(shyly)*: "Hi."
Brian: "How are you all?"
Friends: "Fine."
Wendy *(to her father)*: "See, this is Jenny, this is Denise, and this is Debbie, and Stephanie and Ann are coming." *(Giggles all around.)*
Brian *(sporting his biggest, most sincere smile of the last two days)*: "Geeeee! Well, I can laugh about that!"

They all laugh together.

As the girls run off, Brian stands and indicates, through a restless swinging of the arms, that the interview is over.

I get up to go and as he walks me to the door, he begins talking with noticeable elation. "I'm looking forward to the future," he says, looking down at his feet. "I'm writing songs. I've got a song called, 'Back Home,' sort of a country song."

He stops walking, lifts his head and as he is wont to do, belts out a stanza:

*I'm just sitting on a window sill*
*Looking down on the neighborhood kids*
*Thinking in my mind*
*How important every one child is!*

"That's all I've got for words," he says, stepping into the parlor. "Isn't it beautiful, though?" I agree and we shake on it.

"I'm getting myself ready for a big year or two years!" he boasts. "We're moving to a new house soon. A big, new mansion in Holmby Hills! I've been living here for eight years and I'm moving 'cause I'm tired of my environment. And I *would* like to sing live again with the group. I really miss stepping up to that mike!

"But if I could have anything in the world, I'd have a studio in my house again. That's one thing I want more than *anything*!

"That's the cover of *Wild Honey*," he confirms, pointing to the stained glass window. "We photographed the window for the cover. We recorded that album right here in this living room! I have a whole 16-track recording studio right here—but we took it out. My wife didn't want it. Too much traffic; people always coming over, you know?"

"Do you plan to build a new studio in your mansion in Holmby Hills?" I ask.

"Well," he says, avoiding my gaze, "there's *room* for one." ■

If you've been performing without a monitor system, chances are you've had a lot of bad gigs simply because you couldn't hear what was going on.

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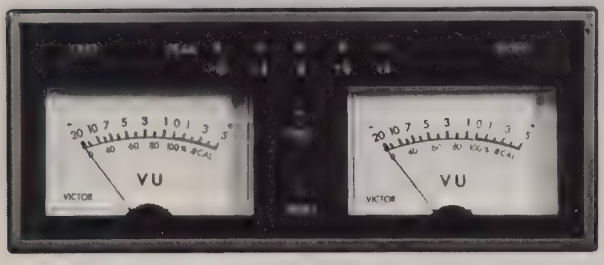
C

# If that expensive cassette deck you wanted is so good, why aren't its specs better than the lowest priced JVC?

A high price doesn't necessarily mean better performance.

So even though you're thinking about a cassette deck in the luxury class, consider the new JVC CD-1920.



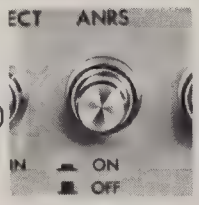

**Five LED peak level indicators eliminate under-recording and tape saturation.**

While this excellent front-loading unit is JVC's least expensive model, it offers performance specs that equal (and surpass) many higher priced models.

Plus, the CD-1920 has something you won't find on other makes of cassette decks—regardless of price: five LED peak indicators. That's right, five. By warning you of saturation distortion at peak levels and refusing to let you add noise with underleveling, they provide virtually foolproof recording.

**Bias and EQ switches for all types of tape.**

Sure, we could go on and tell you about the CD-1920's many features, including the built-in automatic noise reduction system (ANRS), 3-step bias and equalization switches, or the tape-protecting automatic stop in all playing modes.




**Automatic Noise Reduction System for improved signal-to-noise ratio.**

But do yourself a favor. First listen to the sound of the CD-1920 at your JVC dealer. (Call toll-free 800-221-7502 for his name.) Then, if you need extra convincing, check its specs against decks costing $250* or more.

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# EDIBLE CORPSES, KILLER DRUGS AND THE PSYCHIC CIA

BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS

## THE GREAT SHIT GLUT

Many ecologists, including Allen Ginsberg, have questioned the long-range wisdom of dumping sewage into our lakes and rivers and seas, killing the fish or rendering them unfit for our ever-growing consumption. Cousteau sounded a word of warning: "The seas are already forty percent dead." Allen suggests that we simply reverse directions and channel our shit back to the soil.

Now to put this fruitful concept into operation. All the toilets of New York City empty into vats where the rich substance is reduced to liquid form and piped into relays of tanker trucks to be conveyed to the hinterlands, where the eager farmer waits. Every block has a dog shitting area to facilitate the collection of dog shit which would otherwise foul the barren pavements and asphalt. All recyclable garbage is collected and poured into the vats. Patriotic Boy Scouts organize vast shit hikes to fertilize the truck farms surrounding the cities.

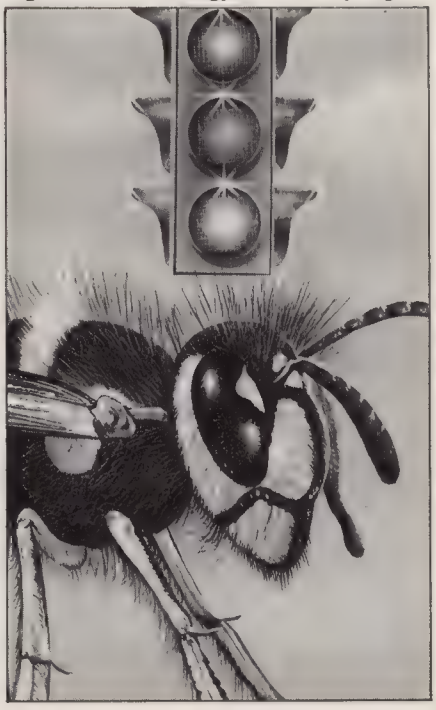
A further step is obvious. The human body makes the best fertilizer what can be got. So corpses are collected and fed into the vats to be processed with the shit and garbage and returned to the soil. Posters throughout the city admonish the citizen: "GIVE IT BACK TO MOTHER EARTH." Stern-faced farmers point to the passersby: "WE NEED YOU." Soon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON BRAUTIGAN

a funeral is an ecological outrage as unpopular as a fur coat. The hinterland achieves a fertility unknown in the history of mankind. Vast vegetables pile up in the markets—potatoes as big as watermelons, carrots six feet long, artichokes the size of wash tubs. And the hogs fed on the soft mushy corn reach a weight of two tons, wallowing in their shit, too fat to move. You can cut the soft lardy flesh with a fork.

In fact all this food still smells of the shit and corpses it is made of, as if the glutted land cannot transmute the superabundance of nutriments which seep into the vegetables and the hogs, the chickens big as ostriches, the rhinoceros-size steers. The people fed on this food are bloated and stink of carrion and sewage, belching coal gas. Many of them are confined by their weight to hydraulic wheelchairs, with receptacles for shit which are emptied into containers provided on every block like mail boxes.

The cities are dying of surfeit. Some of the young people refuse to eat the disgusting vegetables swollen with loathsome ichors and the soft greasy stinking meat, which they execrate as "fit only for the consumption of underprivileged vultures." They take refuge in remote barren regions where the soil is too poor to qualify for the bounteous urban overflow. Monstrous plant forms evolve in the plains of Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Oklahoma and Texas, maneating plants fed on rendered corpse juice, to be in turn plowed under by combines of tractors manned by farmers in gas masks. The end product is an unpopulated jungle; primeval swamps, vines and ferns slowly grow over the dying cities. Only the sparse populations of the poor soil areas survive the Great Glut, which subsides over the years into virgin forest and untouched jungles of teeming fertility swarming with animal and insect and vegetable life. Ecology has won by a glut.



# POP AND THE HEROIDS

In a recent column I mentioned a super painkiller now under development: P.O.P. Pituitary Opioid Peptide. POP. This morphine-like substance extracted from the pituitary glands of cattle is fifty times stronger than morphine as a pain-killer, and non-habit-forming. You see the implications: non-habit-forming, no side effects like constipation and loss of sexual energy, and fifty times morphine, twenty-five times heroin. So why should anyone ever have to say "I'm hurting"?

The medical profession tried desperately to throw a block in and keep it on prescription, but mobs poured out of the ghettos and the suburbs screaming "Death to the RX profiteers!" I figured to get in on the ground floor of this good thing. You can see the complete obliteration of the whole protestant ethic: "You gotta pay for pleasure with suffering." But here it was in a syringe, one pop last a week. And think of all the subliminal pain we carry about all the time, not only physical but psychic: the fear, the depression, the boredom and dreariness, all gone, just like that—POP!

Now fear needs a reservoir of pain to draw on, and that reservoir is suddenly cut. No one needs to drink or smoke any more, they don't have anything they need to forget about or escape from . . . POP . . . Gotta be a catch somewhere. But is there a catch? The usage of this divine substance would allow for a much more modest living standard. When you are feeling no pain you don't need cars and TVs and luxurious overheated quarters. A bare cubicle and the simplest food will suffice. The whole human equation of pleasure and pain, the struggle to achieve pleasure or at least comfort and the even stronger necessity of avoiding pain and discomfort, has been rendered obsolete. War and crime disappear. Why fight when you have it made? Why steal when your needs are so simple and easily satisfied? Pop will take care of you. Pop will cover you in a warm blanket. Pop will supply all your needs. End of the human rat race—POP.

If you find it—as I do—difficult to conceive of a pain-killing drug that is not habit-forming, here is another script:

"Well doctor?" asks a highly-placed narcotics official.

"The drug is not heroin. It's an organic compound with a gold base. Probably synthesized from a drug similar to *bannisteria caapi*."

"One of the psychedelics?"

"Undoubtedly it has psychedelic properties. At the same time it is a cell-blanketing agent, like morphine or heroin, but much more potent. To put it simply for a layman, its psychedelic properties expose more area to blanket."

"It is a habit-forming drug?"

"It is indeed. Thirty times more habit-forming than heroin, and in consequence the withdrawal symptoms are proportionately more drastic. Animals given *one* injection of this drug die in convulsions if the drug is withheld beyond eight hours even though industrial doses of heroin are administered. Capture for such an addict means death in literally inconceivable agony, since the drug is an inconceivable pain-killer. It is also a *retroactive* pain-killer, wiping out all past reservoirs of pain and consequently fear as well. These Heroids have only one fear: withdrawal. Owing to the drug's psychedelic properties, the addicts are in telepathic communication. They go armed at all times. The Heroids will not be taken alive."

"But who is distributing this hellish stuff?"

"That's your department. My guess is it leaked from some top secret project—whether American, Russian, Chinese or French does not matter at this point. Point is these addicts have a vital necessity to communicate their addiction as a matter of survival. Remember that only one exposure establishes lifelong addiction. They could put it in milk, soft drinks, candy bars, or addict whole populations with aerosol bombs."

"My God." The high narc steps to a window. He needs a breath of fresh air. "Of course it's the Commies," he thinks. "The *fiends* . . . ." He flushes with rage. Then he feels a little stab of pain and looks down to see a dart embedded in his stomach. It must have come from across the street. His flush fades to a gray-green pallor as a cool blue frequency fixes him right to metal. Feels so good that feeling, he could just swim in it forever and ever. And a little cold voice in his brain is telling him what to do. He turns towards the doctor, the dart concealed in his hand, and jabs the dart into the doctor's arm. The doctor smiles.

"That wasn't necessary, except as a demonstration of your loyalty to our cause. You see, I became addicted during my analysis of the drug. I think we are now ready for that emergency meeting with the President and all the top brass. If you want something done, go right to the top. Within an hour, Air Force planes will blanket America with aerosol bombs. Then these States will be truly united.

"This drug is only the beginning. Soon we will have drugs a hundred, *two* hundred times stronger than heroin. First America, then the world . . . a world without pain and without fear, working shoulder to shoulder to produce the perfect product."

# BLACK MAGIC MIND WAR

In an earlier column I strongly suggested that the CIA, the Russians, and the Chinese have all set up top secret centers to study and apply psychic techniques to political ends. Those of you who have read *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain* will infer that the Russians are ahead of us.

Now anyone who has lived for any time in countries like Morocco where magic is widely practiced has probably seen a curse work. I have. However, curses tend to be hit or miss, depending on the skill and power of the operator and the susceptibility of his victim. And that isn't good enough for the CIA or any similar organization: "Bring us the ones that work not sometimes but *every* time." So what is the logical forward step? To devise machines that can concentrate and direct psychic force with predictable effects. (See the chapter in the *Iron Curtain* book on psychic generators.) I suggest that what the CIA is or was working on at the top secret Nevada installation may be described as *computerized* black magic. If Curse A doesn't make it, Curse Program B automatically goes into operation—and so on.

I recommend to your attention a book called *The Mind Masters* by John Rossmann, a Signet New American Library paperback. This is ostensibly a fantastic science fiction novel, interesting more for its content than for its style, that may well contain some real inside information. The story concerns a researcher who has, to put it mildly, been disillusioned by his work on Project Pandora, an American psychic training center run by a Colonel Pickett, who is strongly reminiscent of the mad General Ripper in *Doctor Strangelove*, right down to the cigar. Only he is unloosing *psychic* warfare rather than nuclear bombs, having convinced himself that this form of warfare is more effective and more easily controlled for elitist objectives. The disillusioned researcher, one Britt St. Vincent, is contacted by Mero, a private institute dedicated to opposing these black magic centers. (It should be obvious that only *black* magic has "military applications.")

After he has been taken to Mero's secret headquarters, Britt is briefed by Dr. Webster on the purposes of Mero. Dr. Webster cites an early report by columnist Jack Anderson that the reason the Johnson-Kosygin summit conference in 1967 at Glassboro, New Jersey, was held in such a remote spot was that this was the world's first summit conference on *psychic warfare*. He recalls for Britt how the CIA, while making an electronic sweep of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow for listening devices, discovered some very unusual electromagnetic emanations pulsing through the building. (Only a month ago it came out that the Soviets had stepped up the power to a point where Embassy officials and their families were in danger from the high-voltage microwave radiation, which can cause confusion, migraines, and even death.). Not longer after, the CIA confirmed that this was in fact part of a much larger psychic attack on the Embassy. When the Defense Department launched its top-secret psychic counterattack, according to columnist Anderson, it was code-named Project Pandora.

Dr. Webster goes on to tell Britt: "Glassboro wasn't the end of it, Britt . . . obviously. By easily diverting funds within their mammoth defense budgets, small groups of supermilitarists here and in Russia covertly continued psychic programs. . . . The violent student rioting of the late '60s was largely instigated by electronic mood-control devices that were derived from the psychic discoveries of Project Pandora. The riots, it is now evident, were the first phase of a massive plot. The students were used by U.S. military extremists for two purposes. First, the riots tended to discredit the student causes. Second, the civil disturbances conveniently provided the plotters with the necessary reason to reinstate some of their psychic weapons programs under the guise of 'crowd control' research." Britt learns that similar secret psychic research is still advancing rapidly in China, France, Israel, Egypt, South Africa and Chile, in addition to the United States and Russia. "Although these scattered groups are currently working to beat *each other* to the secret of powers that will give them world control, there is a good possibility that they could even now join forces and make a *combined* psychic bid for world control—and at this moment they appear to stand an almost even chance of succeeding if they joined forces."

And what would the future look like if such groups actually exist and if they do combine and take over? An elitist world state very much along the lines laid down by the Nazis. At the top would be a theocracy trained in psychic control techniques implemented by computerized electronic devices that would render opposition psychologically and physiologically impossible. Entry to this privileged class would be permitted only to those whose

dedication to the world state was absolute and unquestioning. In short, you don't get in by merit or ability but by being an all-around 100 percent shit. Under this ruling elite of power addicts would be an anonymous service collective of functionaries, managers, and bureaucrats. And below them the slave workers. There would be no place for dissent or independent research. The troublesome artist would be eliminated or absorbed. The elite lives happily ever after, at the top of a control state that makes 1984 seem cozy and nostalgic. ■

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Winston's box makes a difference.
Winston
The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference. Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste. For me, Winston is for real.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE
# CRAWDOODAH
GAZETTE

*compiled by Greg Mitchell* "All the news, all the doo-dah day" *No Cents Whatsoever*

# JACK FORD'S DEAD MEAT

**By Bruce Margolius**

LOGAN, Utah—A town of about 25,000 in the 4500-foot-high Cache Valley, Logan is the home of Utah State, an outdoors university which attracts a weird mixture of ultra-straight Mormons, cowboys with briefcases, and flat-out gravity freaks who often want little more from life than a chance to spend the winter on skis and, when the snow melts, to ride it down a white-water river.

Jack Ford was recruited by Utah State as an outstanding high school football player. Jack looked Utah State over and liked what he saw, though he considered himself too non-competitive for the football scene. He eventually cajoled a couple of boyhood chums from Alexandria, Va.—David Sands and Peter Woodward—into joining him in Logan and they all fit nicely into this laidback world.

Ford was a Forestry major—not because he was a rabid ecologist but because he liked the woods. He was definitely what you'd call an "undistinguished student." He grew a beard and spent one summer at a Forest Service work camp. Many of his acquaintances knew that his father was some kind of politician, but nobody really cared.

Then Spiro Agnew copped a plea and Richard Nixon made Jack Ford a Vice President's son. Jack shaved off his beard and the jock/business fraternities came

*Cleaned-up Jack with his folks, 1975 . . .*

around to try to recruit Ford, Sands and Woodward. But they had their own anti-fraternity called Dead Meat, a female auxiliary (Raw Vegetables), and a dynamite party house just down the hill from campus. So they maintained their lifestyle—skiing and partying and, sometimes, going to college.

Jack went to work for the Park Service during summer vacation of 1974. Then, in August, the country had a new First Family. As Jack Ford began his senior year at Utah State, he had a 24-hour-a-day Secret Service escort.

The Secret Service rented an apartment down the block from the Dead Meat house and they painted Ford's curb red. When Ford was home, they sat there in a parked car and watched out for whatever it is they're supposed to watch out for. When he was out on the slopes or in the woods they did their best to stay close, which they often failed to do.

The younger agents, stranded as they were for a couple of months in a strange, small city, got into the habit of spending off-duty time with Dead Meat members, having

*. . . as pre-Veep beardo, 1973*

a few drinks and sometimes playing on the Dead Meat intramural teams. Little else changed. Dead Meat's proximity to campus still made it the spot to stop for an impromptu party.

Word started to get around that there was a place in Logan where you could get stoned with absolute immunity from the law. Where, in fact, the Secret Service was watching the front door to make sure that no one who wasn't invited could get inside. Casual acquaintances began to come by to smoke a number and look out at the T-men in their car by the red curb and giggle. Before, Dead Meat had been a hangout because it was convenient; now, it was the place to party because the situation was so goddamn outrageous!

Will Pitkin, a Utah State faculty member who lived across the street, recalled that "there was lots of traffic over there when Ford was home and the Secret Service car was parked outside." Pitkin ruefully added that a load of firewood was stolen from his front yard while the agents were on duty across the street.

A close friend of Ford, Ed Ryberg, would only say with some measure of praise that on becoming a celebrity, "Jack didn't compromise or moderate his life style."

Buzz Thurber is the Cultral Vice President of the Utah State student body, which means that he is the student in charge of booking

campus rock acts. Thurber's campaign for office was managed by Ford's roommate, David Sands, and Thurber lived in the Dead Meat house during the summer of 1974.

Thurber told me that he finally moved out of the house to get away from the constant partying. He said that Dead Meat members were disturbed by the number of people who wanted to come by and get high with the son of the President. However, he said, "I never saw Jack tell *anybody* to stop smoking dope."

Thurber brought several of his rock acts, including Gordon Lightfoot, to the party house. Ford slept through the Lightfoot visit.

Eventually, the limelight became too intense and, a couple of months before graduation (Spring '75), Ford moved to an apartment a few blocks away.

What actually went on at Dead Meat? Probably not much more than what one would expect from any college-age frat crowd: multiple drug abuse, illicit sex, blasphemy, idleness, drunkenness, irreverence and rebellion. Nothing serious. No violence, no gang rapes, no smack dealers in rhinestone Rolls Royces; no Black Masses or human sacrifices. Just a bunch of boys, whooping it up as boys often do.

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*Super-straight Jack wooing Chris Evert, 1976 . . .*

But one of them was the *President's* boy. James Kennedy, one of Ford's profs, told me that he was certain that the Secret Service knew what was happening with Dead Meat; several students had informed him it was "perfectly safe" to smoke with Ford.

I spoke to a Dead Meat/Raw Vegetables group that included Sands and Woodward. Ford's friends were gracious but stonewalled on the question of Ford's personal dope involvement. All seemed relatively radical/liberal, with a high degree of familiarity with drugs.

The conversation was preceded by a call from Sands to Jack Ford's private number in D.C.; fortunately for me, Jack wasn't in. Sands is charismatic, but Woodward has the kind of David Hemmings hollow look that comes from jangling each and every nerve many times over with various chemicals.

When asked if the Secret Service put a damper on their lifestyles, several members chuckled. "If anything," one said, "they added zest to our lives. We had fun playing games with them." Another added that, "They did their job and we did *ours*." The comment was met by general laughter. Sands said that when people started "taking advantage of the situation" he would have "to straighten them out" because Jack wouldn't.

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*. . . w/ SS men in Logan, 1974*

Last October, Jack Ford revealed to the Portland *Oregonian* that he had smoked marijuana. He went on the record favoring Oregon's liberalized approach to the problem, expressing a belief that "spending a lot of energy pursuing pot smokers seems very unproductive to me."

A month later, the *Washington Post* ran a story about Ford that called him "The Prisoner of the White House." This story suggested that the statement to the *Oregonian* might have been made to defuse potentially explosive revelations about Ford and his friends.

A few weeks after that, the Drug Enforcement Administration notified the President that a "usually reliable" informant had fingered Jack Ford for a cocaine deal in Salt Lake City. Upon investigation, the story was easily disproved when the Secret Service produced a log indicating that Ford had been in Wyoming on the day of the alleged coke deal.

But Jack Ford definitely low-profiled the beginning of the 1976 campaign. Now he seems to be coming back into the public view. An article in *The New York Times* recently pointed out Ford's value as a campaigner for his father and managed to de-escalate his admitted occasional marijuana use down to "experimentation." And a quote from an anonymous "Illinois Republican" further scaled Ford's pot use down to "once or twice." The *Times* should send a man to Utah.

According to a close Ford associate, that lightweight DEA charge about the coke deal was only one of a series of "frame-up" attempts—there was "a concerted effort" to "get" Ford. While the DEA has a pretty bad reputation these days, it is not for being too soft or for running to the press or President too often. It is for backshooting, entrapment, illegal searches and outright torture. The DEA is supposed to be the object of a special secret investigation by the Attorney General's office which has remained a well-kept secret for a year.

Intimidation is the DEA's stock-in-trade. They are experts at turning suspects into stoolies and putting the pressure on their enemies—real or imagined. Is it inconceivable that these nice people are trying to put pressure on the President through his son and his Dead Meat friends?

# HICCUP RUNNETH OVER

LONDON (ZNS)—A British Medical Research team has enlisted 20 volunteers in a crash effort to find a cure for one of life's most mysterious diseases—hiccups. Dr. Jeremy Henderson, the leader of the project, reports that the medical team is analyzing more than 3000 possible cures for hiccups, many of them mailed in by helpful citizens around the world.

Most of the solutions were submitted to the team following the tragic death of a German plumber named Heinz Isecke. The doomed man had developed a severe case of hiccups and reportedly became so despondent about hiccuping day and night for years that he finally committed suicide.

Cases of hiccups are being induced in the 20 volunteers and possible cures are then administered. So far, according to Henderson, no fool-proof cure has been discovered, although rolling naked in the snow is one of the better, the doctor says.

The world hiccup holder, incidentally, is Jack O'Leary of California, who reportedly hiccuped 166 million times over an eight-year period. O'Leary credits his eventual cure to praying to St. Jude, the patron saint of hopeless causes. "Those eight years of torment," O'Leary explains, "were almost worth the wonderful moment when I stopped hiccuping."

# JFK CASE: THE PLOT THICKENS

**by Assassination Information Bureau**

On November 9, 1963, Miami police informant William Somersett secretly recorded an incredible conversation he had with a man who described the John Kennedy murder two weeks before it happened:

"Well, how in the hell do you figure would be the best way to get him?"

"From an office building with a high-powered rifle. . . ."

"You think he knows he is a marked man?"

"Sure he does."

"They are really going to kill him?"

"Oh yeah, it is in the working. Brown himself, Brown is just as likely to get him as anybody. . . ."

The subject is Joseph Adams Milteer, active member of the ultra-right National States Rights Party. He goes on to say, "They wouldn't leave any step unturned here, no way. They will pick somebody within hours afterwards, if anything like that would happen, just to throw the public off."

Thirteen days later, John Kennedy was gunned down in Dallas. The man arrested and charged with the murder, Lee Oswald, insisted upon his innocence until he himself was bumped off.

The remarkable conversation between Somersett and Milteer had been promptly reported to the FBI. Their files state that on November 10, the Bureau received information that "J.A. Milteer made a statement that plans were in the making to kill President J.F. KENNEDY at some future date; that MILTEER suggested one JACK BROWN of Chattanooga, Tennessee, as the man who could do the job, and that he (MILTEER) would be willing to help. MILTEER reportedly said that . . . the job could be done from an office . . . using a high-powered rifle." The report adds that the Secret Service was made aware of this scenario.

Was there any action or investigation prompted by this explicit threat? None. John Kennedy was allowed to die in Dallas. The Secret Service checked its files of threats against the President *only for the Dallas-Fort Worth area.* The Secret Service must have assumed, therefore, that no self-respecting assassin would travel from beyond Dallas to do the job.

The grim plot thickens.

Somersett has stated that on the morning of the assassination itself, Milteer called him to say he was in Dallas and, referring to the President, said, "I don't think you will ever see your boy in Miami again." John Kennedy had just spoken in Miami.

Somersett met with Milteer the following day, November 23, in Jacksonville, Fla. The FBI report of this meeting says Milteer "was very jubilant over the death of President KENNEDY. . . . MILTEER stated, 'Everything ran true to form. I guess you thought I was kidding you when I said he would be killed from a window with a high-powered rifle.' When questioned as to whether he was guessing when he originally made the threat regarding President Kennedy, MILTEER is quoted as saying, 'I don't do any guessing.'"

On the morning of November 24, 1963 in Columbia, S.C., Milteer advised (quoting from a recently declassified FBI document) "that they did not have to worry about LEE HARVEY OSWALD because he 'doesn't know anything' and that the 'right wing' is in the clear. MILTEER further related that 'the patriots have outsmarted the communists and had infiltrated the communist group in order that they (communists) could carry out the plan without the right wingers becoming involved.'"

The FBI, in its relentless pursuit of the truth, finally decided it should have a chat with, but not arrest, J.A. Milteer. On November 27, he denied to Hoover's G-Men that he had ever talked of threats upon the President's life. Although Milteer's words were recorded on a tape that was in the possession of the Miami police, his blanket denial was good enough for the FBI. They dropped the whole matter.

Milteer's denials were not good enough for the Miami police. They'd responded quite seriously to his initial reports, canceling the Presidential motorcade in that city scheduled for November 19, 1963.) After watching their valuable evidence ignored or suppressed, the Miami police finally played their tape publicly for journalists and newspeople on February 2, 1967. Needless to say, Milteer's story fared as poorly in the hands of the national media as it did with the government.

That the Milteer tape had not one iota of effect on events before, during and after November 22, 1963 is extraordinary. That there were other Presidential threats involving the National States Rights Party that were equally ignored or suppressed invites disbelief.

A report dated November 15, 1963 from the San Antonio Secret Service has the FBI talking to a member of the Ku Klux Klan. The Klansman said, "A militant group of the National States Rights Party plans to assassinate the President. . . ." Again, the inference is that the Secret Service did not consider any threats coming from outside the Dallas area to be a real danger to the President.

And if that is not enough, there is always the FBI report dated December 4, 1963 from Atlanta. This document summarizes a conversation held in the spring of 1963 between Dr. Stanley L. Drennan, "active in the NSRP" in California, and Captain Robert K. Brown, mercenary *par excellence* and currently publisher of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. According to this report, Drennan said, "What the organization needed was a group of young men to get rid of Kennedy, the Cabinet, all members of *Americans for Democratic Action*, and maybe 10,000 other people. BROWN stated that he considered the remark as being 'crackpot'; however, as DRENNAN continued the conversation, he gained the impression that DRENNAN may have been propositioning him on this matter."

This lead, like J.A. Milteer, vanished into the maw of the Warren Commission without a mention. ■

# CHATTY PATTY'S NEXT MOVE

By William M. Kunstler

*To hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is, to me, inhuman and indecent and dishonorable. I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions . . .*
Letter of Lillian Hellman to the House UnAmerican Activities Committee, May 19, 1952

In a very real sense, Patricia Hearst, both during her trial for the robbery of the Hibernia National Bank and afterwards, has given us an utterly terrifying glimpse into amoral psychology. Rather than being a victim of what Dr. Robert Jay Lifton and her other expert witnesses classified as "thought reform" and "coercive persuasion," she was—and undoubtedly still is—motivated solely by an almost pathological determination to survive, no matter what adverse and unfair effects such a course might have upon the lives, liberties and reputations of other people. During the trial, she lashed out at anyone and everyone in her obsessive pursuit of her own safety and well-being. All she needed was the assurance of success that was so obligingly provided by her pretrial psychiatric interviews.

The overt defense strategy, during her trial, which was to maintain that she had been psychologically victimized by her SLA abductors, certainly reflected this amorality. Of even more significance, however, was her acquiescence to a naked appeal by her counsel to the endemic racism that characterizes our national experience. Although forced to resort to an outrageously leading question to extract the answer it wanted, the Bailey-led defense got her to assert that she had first been touched sexually by Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze, a black man, and then violently raped by him in her alleged closet prison. By all odds, such a claim, even supported by no other proof than a white woman's word, should have done the trick. The major miracle of the Hearst trial is that it did not.

UPI

*She's trying "to sell her game plan to the highest bidder"*

But even if she lost the initial battle, she well knows that the war for her salvation is a long one. Now, she has apparently reinstituted the plea-bargaining process she considered and rejected last September. In this, she is eager to adopt any approach that will further her all-consuming goal of self-preservation, irrespective of the cost even to those she once considered her samaritans. The carefully leaked reports on the degree of her willingness to cooperate with both state and federal authorities that have flooded the press since her conviction indicate that she will not shrink from jeopardizing, of all people, Wendy Yoshimura, her constant companion during the latter period of her underground life.

But the greater shame is yet to come. The various prosecutors involved intend to utilize the products of Hearst's "revelations" in their attempts to implicate Emily and Bill Harris, the Soliahs, Yoshimura and others in criminal activities. On one hand, James Browning could scathingly castigate her testimony in the Hibernia bank robbery trial an a "pack of self-serving lies"; on the other, she will be vouched for, in subsequent prosecutions, as the harbinger of truth and veracity. Obviously, perjury carries a high price tag—in this instance, leniency in sentencing for Hibernia and immunity for any other crimes committed by her—if it meets the transient needs of governmental policy.

At one time, it was absurdly easy to be generally sympathetic to Hearst's plight. Even the most jaded of reporters who covered the San Francisco trial, as well as millions of American citizens, seriously considered the provocative issues raised by the psychiatric defense advanced by her attorneys. It was almost as if everyone wanted so desperately to believe that her seeming political metamorphosis had no more substance to it than the forced compliance of a terrorized young woman who was doing exactly what she had to do in order to stay alive. The equation was a simple but compelling one—the SLA stood for all that was evil while the defendant represented the high-water mark of the American dream. Such a classic confrontation could have but one logical and just outcome—outraged virtue triumphant and the hydra-headed flower of evil sprawled in the dust.

Unfortunately for Hearst, the jury disagreed. Now, her ploy will be to sell her new game plan to the highest bidders she can find. In this endeavor, no untruth will be too heinous, no treachery too unspeakable. Yet while, theoretically at least, only spectators to the process, thoughtful people everywhere might well begin to evaluate the essential worth of a system that tries to hold itself together by bartering liberty for lies and, at the same time, deliberately manipulating and distorting the value of both. ■

# Albert Presses Suit

Radical attorneys Margaret Ratner and William Kunstler, and Movement activists Judy Gumbo and Stew Albert (all *Crawdaddy* contributors) are suing the government for a combined sum of $400,000. The legal effort results from Gumbo and Albert having found, last December, an electronic bug attached to their car (*Crawdaddy, March '76*), the first time a bugged couple has actually captured the "smoking gun." Defendants in the suit are the CIA and its head William Colby; the FBI and Director Clarence Kelley; the NYC Police Dept., plus the New York State Police. Albert says, "We pressed the suit to show people that illegal surveillance is still going on and is not just part of the nightmarish past."

# KONG FU

KANSAS CITY, Kan. (ZNS)—In the wake of announcements of plans to remake big-budget versions of *King Kong*, a small local firm is shooting its own version of the classic monster movie. It's called *King Kung Fu* and it's about a gorilla that escapes from captivity after learning Kung Fu. The ape doesn't meet his fate atop the Empire State Building but rather the roof of the Wichita Holiday Inn.

# ...and now: SHORT SHOTS

LONDON (Reuters)—A man was hit by as many as 50 cars early today as he tried to cross the M1 Motorway, England's main north-south roadway. When police said they were trying to identify the remains of the man, motorists phoned from as far away as the south coast of England to tell police they had parts of the body under their cars. "No criticism has been made of drivers," a police inspector said. "Many simply did not know they were running over this man."

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PHILADELPHIA (ZNS)—This week has been proclaimed "National Procrastination Week" by the Procrastinators Club of America. Actually, it was supposed to begin two months ago but no one got around to declaring it by then. The Procrastinators' president, Les Waas, has held his post since 1956 because "we haven't held our '57 elections yet." The club publication is called "Last Month's Newsletter." Waas says there are about 2700 club members in the U.S. but says the actual figure is closer to 4 million—"most people haven't gotten around to joining yet."

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MUNCIE, Ind. (AP)—Mickey A. Sumner, 27, was driving to meet his fiancee, Deborah Darlene Bricker, 21, and she was driving to meet him when their cars collided head-on. Both were killed. "They just didn't get their connections right," said Mrs. Charles Sumner, the young man's mother. "It was a weird accident that couldn't happen again in a million years." State police said the car Miss Bricker was driving crossed the centerline and struck Sumner's vehicle.

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As the Bicentennial celebration winds down to its July 4th fireworks, a company called Federal Pharmacal Inc. has come out with a condom decorated with strips of stars and stripes to "fit" the occasion. Copy on the packaging proclaims: "One time for Old Glory. Celebrate with a Bang!"

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Now that the Angolan war is over, American mercenaries are reportedly bombarding the white minority government in Rhodesia with offers to fight black guerrillas there in return for pay. *Crawdaddy* contributor Tom Miller says he recently conferred with a former American soldier now working in Rhodesia who stated the Ian Smith government is receiving scores of letters from Americans. Miller says the Rhodesia government is trying to weed out "exploiters" by insisting that mercenaries first apply for immigrant status.

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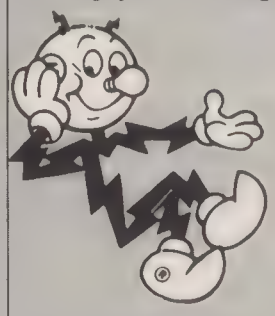
NEW YORK (LNS)—Things haven't been going well for Little Reddy Kilowatt in the past years. The smiling 50-year-old symbol of the electric power industry is now a frequent target for effigy-burning protestors angry at



skyrocketing utility rates. Recently, Reddy Kilowatt Inc. has changed its name to Reddy Communications Inc. and will try to provide better public relations assistance to power companies.

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ARLINGTON, Va. (ZNS)—In what must be the ultimate postal foul-up, the Post Office has lost the remains of a serviceman which were being sent to Arlington National Cemetery for burial. According to cemetery officials, when the six-by-eight inch box carrying the ashes of retired Naval Officer Bertram Williams arrived in Arlington, the box was badly damaged—and empty. No one could say what became of the urn inside. Williams' 83-year-old mother, described as being in "traumatic" shock over the incident, will receive $15 for insurance on the lost parcel.

*Jim Collins has a natural head for music. Unlike most people, however, Collins plays his music by pounding a nine-inch wrench against his head. The British Air Force officer says he discovered his unusual talent when he banged his head into another man's during a rugby match. It was the first time, he says, that his head produced a clear musical note. Collins claims he can bang out "Rule Britannica" or "Onward Christian Soldiers" and never get a headache. "People who hear me," explains Collins, "think I need to have my head examined but all I really need is a tuning."*

—Zodiac News Service

# MASTERS UNDER COLD, COLD GROUND

BERKELEY, Ca. (ZNS)—Federal government leaders are reportedly not the only officials who will be rushed to underground bomb shelters in the event of a nuclear showdown. Under provisions of the Federal Civil Defense Act of 1950, numerous states and cities along with private corporations have constructed their own heavily reinforced underground hideaways to be used in the event of major disasters, such as an atomic war.

According to the *Berkeley Barb*, the New York Stock Exchange has secret vaults in the Poconos; the Westinghouse Corp. is in constant teletype contact with a permanent staff located 205 feet beneath Western Pennsylvania in a limestone mine; and Exxon executives respond to "international tensions" by fleeing to a "private hunting lodge" 30 miles away from their New Jersey corporate headquarters.

The *Barb* says many state and local governments have established their own special shelter areas to be used by city officials during a crisis. In total, there are at least 3610 "emergency operating centers" in the U.S.—many of them built in response to the Cuban missile crisis scare in 1962.

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND.
Billy Joel's "Turnstiles."
Billy Joel has established himself as an artist of power and insight. His latest collection of songs travels deep beneath the surface of daily life.
On Columbia Records.
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# NATTY DREADROCK

by Tim White

**RASTAMAN VIBRATION**
Bob Marley & The Wailers
Island (ILPS 9383)
**REGGAE GOT SOUL**
Toots & The Maytals
Island (ILPS 9374)

Toots has announced that "Reggae got *soul*," Bob Marley proclaims the emergence of "Trenchtown *rock*!" and Aston "Family Man" Barrett can only marvel at what a long, strange trip it's been.

"Dis reggae music is a good life, is a nice way to make yar livin'," says Barrett, the master bassist with Bob Marley and the Wailers and one of the most respected/influential musicians in the genre. "But t'ings change plenty quickly all da time, and sometime is hahd fhar evan the ones *makin'* dis music to keep up wit it."

Family Man, 28, is a picture of intrepid contentment as he slouches languidly atop a creaking stack of empty crates in a backroom of Harry J's dingy 16-track studio in Kingston, Jamaica, taking a break from the recording of the group's new *Rastaman Vibration* album. The boyish, jovial Wailer, whose real middle name is Francis, twirls a bit of his bushy beard around his finger and draws heavily on a whopping croissant of a spliff, as he looks back with a toothy grin on a career culminating in what will likely prove to be the biggest-selling album in the history of ska/rocksteady/reggae.

"Is a crazy, crazy business," he snorts, slapping himself on his hefty chest to hold back his ganja-induced giggles. "I don't know how me evar lasted dis long a time, to see alla dis 'appen: the excitement, success. All dos hahd days, mon. Playin' in bands too poor ta 'ave names; sometimes working all night fhar no pay—or sometimes hopin' fer payment 'n' gettin' not'ing!

"But not'ing lasts," Family Man admonishes. "I got my trade, ya know. I yam a welder. Many time I stopped playin' bass 'cause I not making any monee and went back to weldin' to stay alive. In dis town a Kingston, dere's plenty hunger 'n' stealing, and whar records come in, dere's cheatin'. T'ings are good now—but if somet'ing evar goes wrong again, I'll be weldin', mon!"

Simple man, simple dream: go on living and keep abreast of the music you helped originate. That was last September; seven months later, *Rastaman Vibration* is a finished product, and I don't see any reason why Family Man or, fellow ex-welder Robert Nesta Marley, should ever again have to solder anything but rhythms to melodies and melodies to lyrics, because the Wailers' fifth Island album is a significantly resounding triumph.

Marley and Co. have come a long way from their days as the Rudeboys and then the Wailers, singing covers of tunes like "What's New, Pussycat?" on their debut *Wailing Wailers* lp. The original group, composed of Marley, Neville O'Riley Livingston—better known as Bunny—and Winston Hubert Mackintosh (or McIntosh), alias Peter Tosh,

JOHAN ELBERS

*Marvelous Marley . . .*

no longer exists as such, although Bunny and Peter frequently play with the Wailers' clan of musicians (usually minus Bob) as either The Wailers All Star Band or Peter Tosh & The Wailers. Even so, much of the original music the trio made together lives on in the grooves of *Rastaman Vibration*.

When reggae first surfaced, around 1968, it was a hybrid of ska and rocksteady, borrowing heavily from calypso, mento, New Orleans R&B, gospel and jazz as typified by the trombone of Don Drummond of the Skatalites—not to mention a bit of country & western on such hits as "Every Night" (1966) by Joe White and Chuck with the Baba Brooks Band. The Wailers were in the vanguard of this crossover, as evidenced by such early Coxsone singles

MARY ALFIERI

*. . . Reggae gets its rocks off*

as the risque "Jerk In Time," which featured both the falsetto vocals native to the rocksteady of Alton Ellis and the ska-period gospel inflections of Basil Gabbidon's Mellow Larks, plus some energetic *touting* by a young Marley in the best U Roy tradition.

Another Coxsone single from this period was "Cry To Me," which again showcased Bunny and Peter's falsetto lead, supported by Bob's exhortations and some brass, principally saxophone, that was reminiscent of the Skatalites and the Riots in their more subdued moments, as well as the work of Louis Jordan. Some ten years later, "Cry To Me" appears on *Rastaman Vibration*, but now the feel of this lover's scolding is distinctly *rockin' soul*. Marley's vocal is out front, his firm but empathetic treatment flanked by Tyrone Downie's undulating organ and the articulate, Albert King-flavored riffs of guest studio guitarist Don Kinsey, a conspicuous replacement for Al Anderson, who has left the group. The superior back-up vocals are provided by the I-Threes (Judy Mowatt,

*Toots carries a soul ratchet*

Marcia Griffiths and Bob's common-law wife, Rita) and the total effect is stunning.

More than any other track on the lp, "Cry To Me" illustrates the striking differences between the old and new Wailers, and the progressive decisions made along the way.

When questioned about influences, Bob Marley has named such artists as Nat "King" Cole, Brook Benton and veteran Jamaican balladeer Owen Gray, whose "Darling Patricia" single in 1962 was the first UK 45 Island ever released. But this natty, 31-year-old dreadlock has also pointed to Ricky Nelson, Elvis Presley and Jimi Hendrix as sources of inspiration, admitting to a fascination for rockabilly forms and the soul-tinged hard rock of recent years. If there was any doubt (or fear) that Marley would go on to include variations of these styles in his music, this album delivers the solid confirmation.

"Roots, rock, reggae!" shouts Marley on the cut of the same name. "This a reggae music!" The message is both revealing and instructive, the singer informing us that his music is now a well-honed hodge-podge of Jamaican folk music and all the aforementioned bloodlines—plus *rock*. Ska, rocksteady and reggae were inspired and nurtured by American R&B; the process was continued in Britain by musicians mad for Stateside soul, who also took a liking to the derivative West Indian approach and began covering the BlueBeat singles of Laurel Aitken and Stranger Cole, among others. Now Bob Marley is passing the word that rock has been tossed into his bubbling cauldron and it sounds like a winner to me.

From the thunkety-bop drum roll that kicks off the opening "Positive Vibration," to the closing yelps of "Rat Race," the thorough interweaving of reggae and contemporary rock forms emerges as an innovative synthesis better termed *rockgae*, and it leaves me convinced that the music of Bob Marley and the Wailers is among the most thematically arresting and elementally ingenious being produced anywhere today.

Many of the components of the new direction can be found on the first two cuts, "Positive Vibration" and "Roots, Rock, Reggae." Family Man's bass rumbles and booms as never before, and brothers Carlton Barrett's drumming, especially his work on the hi-hat, has never been more expressive—or more adamant. His patterns are a model of controlled belligerence; say, Clive Bunker on Nembutals, but with a crackling backbeat that never slackens. Marley has also found an energy base in the I-Threes, using them where he previously might have employed organ. Occasionally shrill, the women were at their seductive best on *Natty Dread*'s "Talkin' Blues," but this time they outdo themselves on all counts, at times recalling the Chiffons and the Chantels.

Over the years, Marley has usually been assisted in the control room by either Joe Higgs, Lee Perry or Chris Blackwell. On *Rastaman*, Bob is the boss (though Family Man and Blackwell are credited with the remixing) and he shows himself to be more adventurous than any of his past collaborators, favoring a liberal use of synthesizer, a Chicago blues guitar and the incisive piano work of Downie, whose always-brilliant keyboards often threaten to steal the show.

Marley's vocals remain the biggest attraction, however, and he turns in the most versatile and convincing performance of his career as he alternately soothes, implores, castigates and rages with breathtaking agility on such cuts as "Johnny Was" and "Crazy Baldheads" (still sounds like "Ballheads"), the latter topped with a delightfully deft skat of the sort we only got an inkling of an *African Herbsman*'s version of "Trenchtown Rock."

"Who The Cap Fits" and "Want More" are the lp's crowning achievements, containing the most mesmerizing fusion of West Indian body english, rockin' soul and incendiary subject matter. The former boasts a slither 'n shock rhythm section and an insidious organ, which propel, post haste, Marley's even-handed consideration of the many faces of betrayal into the chorus's harsh judgment: "Who the cap fit, let them wear it!"

"Want More" is a true rocker of the sort found on last year's unbridled *Live* import. Marley's compelling vocal is the nagging conscience of every greedy man the world over, as he roars: "Now you get what ya want—do ya want *more*?"

As he observed in conversation during the making of the album, "De Devil is a generous mon, and dat's why ya must live right and be evar on yar guard." This song is a terse expousal of that belief, and its sheer sincerity leaves the Stones in the lurch when it comes to portraying the allure—and consequences—of evil. The I-Threes offer their most siren-like accompaniment, while Downie adds superbly enticing organ accents. The sum intent is calculated disquietment and should provide listeners with a thoughtful shiver or two.

Another highpoint is "Night Shift," two different versions of which appeared earlier under the title "It's Alright," on the *Soul Rebels* and *Rasta Revolution* lps. I miss the coarse, hollow mix on the originals, and Bunny and Peter's (and, I believe, Lee Perry's) *whoa-whoa* refrain on the choruses, plus Bob's ever-present touting of such antagonistic lines as, "Do you like it hot or *cold*?" But no sense of nostalgia can diminish the fact that the song is much-matured.

There are some minor disappointments, the greatest among them being the absence of the moving "Jah Live," a Rasta-minded admonishment to those who would deem Jah, or God (in this case, H.I.M. Haile Selassie I) dead, in light of his temporal demise in August of 1975. Originally recorded for *Rastaman*, it was released as a single last winter on Tuff Gong and Island. Although the 45 lacked the aggressive defiance of studio versions I heard at Harry J's last September, I would have preferred it to "War," a plodding recitation of a homily against racial injustice delivered by Selassie in a speech in California in 1968. The other letdown is "Rat Race," which lacks the rawness of the Jamaican 45, and thus sacrifices some of its accusatory impact.

Overall, my qualms are few and my enthusiasm considerable. There are those who will doubtlessly grumble that *Rastaman Vibration* lacks the roots-conscious tack of *Burnin'* and *Natty Dread*, but such attitudes may stem from a certain myopia based on an ignorance of the Wailers' early work. Since signing with Island, Marley has obviously become committed to the task of cutting a definitive track of each of his best songs. This is understandable, since his early resources were limited and unsophisticated. All Wailers lps, like most Jamaican reggae albums, were largely compilations of singles and/or rewritten, remixed or otherwise refined versions of the band's standard repertoire. For in-

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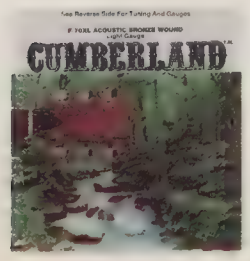


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# Newport

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stance, I own five *different* versions of "Duppy Conqueror," either lp or single; each is better than the one before it, but the version on *Burnin'* is unquestionably the best. Comparing the old with the new, Bob's success has been nearly unanimous—and his latest material is stronger than ever.

At this stage, all I'm wondering is: When can we expect another love song as darkly persuasive as "Stand Alone" from *Soul Revolution II* and *the* masterful remake of "Craven Choke Puppy?"

One of my favorite Toots and the Maytals tunes is "Six and Seven Books of Moses," originally released on Island in 1963 under the group's first name, the Vikings. The tight, unhurried and mildly nasal vocals were among the Maytals' very best, the trio giving a reverent rundown on the books of the St. James Bible from Exodus and Leviticus to Judges and Ruth, while a battery of anonymous session men churned out an appropriately respectful bossa nova-type tempo.

An excellent reworking of the song appears on *Reggae Got Soul*, a wellnigh perfect album had it but contained "54-46, That's My Number," a 1968 Pyramid single not to be confused with the later, less vehement "54-46 *Was* My Number," which appeared on the Maytals' (1974) *In The Dark* lp (albeit mistakenly labelled "54-36"). On the original, Toots still is plenty pissed about the year he spent in the slammer after being busted in 1966 on a ganja rap, and he submits a bitter recounting of his ritual frisking by the prison guards:

*Turn out your left pocket!*
*Ahh, gimme a clean shirt sir!*
*Take off your shirt sir!*
*I ain't got no ratchet now!*

Rather than freely declaring his serial number, as in the later version, Toots creates a puissant tension by refusing to tell it to the guard until asked for the third time.

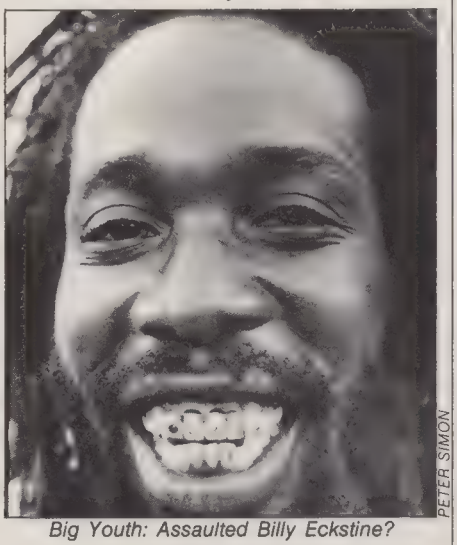
Politically, Frederick "Toots" Hibbert has mellowed a good deal since then, but chops-wise he remains, by turns, as raucous and gentle as ever, making *Reggae Got Soul* the best Maytals album since *Monkey Man* and *From The Roots* (both 1970).

Like Marley, Toots has grown more overt in his emulation of American music, in this case soul, as performed by the vintage Archie Bell and the Drells, the Bar-Kays and the Drifters, to name a few, along with the inevitable comparisons to Otis Redding. Hibbert's exploration of these wide-ranging schools is mere child's play in the hands of such reggae giants as lead axeman Hux Brown, rhythm guitarists Rad Bryan and some time-Wailer Earl Smith, and bassist Jackie Jackson, who spearhead a summit conference of session stalwarts including one Stevie Winwood, heard playing keyboards on "Premature" and "Living In The Ghetto."

One cut of particular interest is "Never You Change," an update of a rendition on *The Sensational Maytals* (1965), back when partners Raleigh Gordon and Jerry Matthias went by the names Henry "Ralphus" or (Raleigh) Gordon and Nathaniel "Gerry" McCarthy, respectively. In the senior edition, the trio's sonorous harmonies recalled Shep and the Limelites, but the crisper, more authoritative bent on the new version is doubly engaging for its Four Tops mode, and it capitalizes on the melody's romping hook, which was formerly allowed to dissipate early-on.

Many of the tracks, such as "So Bad," "True Love Is Hard To Find" Van Morrison's "I Shall Sing," and "Reggae Got Soul," (which was a big hit on the island last year) are very similar to the versions on the Jamaican *Reggae Got Soul* lp (Dynamic DY3356), but each fares better here.

As with *Rastaman*, my chief objections are limited to songs left out, most specifically the vibrant "Dog War," the 'B' side to the current English single of the title cut. The song takes its name from a traditional Jamaican folk song, "Dog War A Matches Lane," and the Maytals issued a ska interpretation of it in 1968 on Pyramid as "School


PETER SIMON

*Big Youth: Assaulted Billy Eckstine?*

Days." Prior to the rejuvenated version, it was available only on an obscure sampler called *Club Ska Volume One*, where it was retitled "Broadway Jungle," and attributed to the Fabulous Flames, another since-discarded name for the group.

Finally, a roundup of the new and noteworthy:

**Night Food**, The Heptones (Island ILPS 9381): As energizing in its way as Marley or Toots' latest; tunes like the haunting "Book of Rules" demand mass attention. This trio's harmonies interlock with a sweet but sinewy resolve that cuts like the rudest razor.

**The Best of Jimmy Cliff**, Jimmy Cliff (Island Import-ICD6): From "Give and Take" (1967), to "Vietnam" (1969), to "Struggling Man" (1973) this is a moving anthology of a pensive, often-misunderstood virtuoso.

**Yankee Reggae**, The Shakers (Asylum 7E-1057): California surf and pop roots in a Pioneers/Desmond Dekker mold—and it actually works! Nothing as heavy as G.T. Moore's Limey Reggae, but great for beach parties. *Purists need not apply.*

**Natty Cultural Dread**, Big Youth (Trojan TRLS 123): Big Youth, a.k.a. Manley Buchanan, is a cabdriver-turned-deejay whose latest records have won him superstar status in "skank" circles. ("Skanking" is Jamaican disc jockey speed-rapping over instrumental tracks.) He is viewed by many to be the heir apparent to the throne vacated by a semi-retired U Roy, who was the resident jockey with King Tubby's Sound System during the height of rocksteady, but Youth still has a row to hoe before he can be accorded such lofty stature. On *Natty Cultural Dread*, his first self-produced effort since *Reggae Phenomenon*, Big Youth has distilled some of the preaching and pacing concepts he introduced on the preceding *Dread Locks Dread* on Klik, and does a lot more "singing" to boot. Prime cuts include his hit, "Wolf In Sheep's Clothing," "Every Nigger Is A Star" and "Hell Is For Heroes," but others, like "Touch Me In The Morning" (with Dennis Brown), are profoundly lame. At his worst, Youth sounds like Billy Eckstine being pistol-whipped in the Lincoln Tunnel, but when he eases up on his dread-baiting he sometimes approximates the old ace himself.

**Dread In A Babylon**, U Roy (Virgin V2948): If you're interested in investigating a progenitor; get ahold of *Dread In A Babylon* (produced by Tony Robinson, who not coincidentally supervised Youth's last album) and listen to U Roy as he recreates the halcyon days of rocksteady on "Listen To The Teacher" and "You Don't Care," testifying with wit and guile.

(*Many of the records discussed in this article have been released in Jamaica or England only, but nearly all are obtainable either through mail order or sleuthing. For the stumped, I recommend a reliable source: Daddy Kool Records, 44 Hanway Street, London, W1, England.* ■

# MEAT-EATERS' REVENGE

by Bruce Malamut

**PRESENCE**
Led Zeppelin
Swan Song (SS 8416)

MICHAEL PUTLAND

*The eunuch and the war lord*

Above all, Jimmy Page is a master sound technologist whose personal religion obliges him to motivate his audience toward epiphany. His point is to capture electric sound in a vacuum/moment, searing perception along the way. Beyond this, Jimmy Page is, outside of Keith Richard, the most talented/aggressive electric guitar player in the West. Listen to what's going on inside the riffing pattern of "For Your Life." The tune sucks (John Paul Jones' stagnant bassline is an insult; he doesn't even have the humility to play in tune on a record which he knows will sell at least a trillion copies) but Page's rhythm fills approach the most sublime careen-offa-the-walls, razor-edge axing that's ever been attributable to Keith Richard (circa *Beggar*'s to be specific).

Page is tricky, an ear tease. It's your responsibility to give the Zep your attention. The closer you listen, the more you pick up on all the quiet little oblique lines that exist on this album. Page's masqued rhythm fills are cliquey and elitist.

But we know, on the other hand, that the Zep is the most popular (if not populist *a la* Dead/Floyd/Allmans, cuz there's something maliciously unfaceless about the Zep) band in the world. I swear I was stranded with an out-to-lunch Renault 1400 outside of Nyali on the coast of Kenya and was invited inside to some local's abode. We sat down to indulge in some local black, and the natives, no man, they didn't put on Osibisa, Stevie Wonder or Earth Wind & Fire, they put on *the Zep*. From here to Kingdom Come, the Zep is with us like no other rock institution. Unlike their competition, the Stones, the Zep are consistent. You always know Page's goals; you always have some idea where they're headed.

This arrogant production strain coupled with the Cosmik Ethos defines the Pagian gestalt. *Presence* offers no exception: the album opens with "Achilles Last Stand," one in a long line of Jimmy Page as War Lord. It's a cooking tune in the "Kashmir" vein. Extended psychodeleramas like this one lead me to feel that the Zep was the inspiration behind Marvel Comix. It's the same level as Silver Surfer's cosmic mirage (garbage?!). Like, uh, the monolith sits amongst us and Pagey has the power to turn it loose. Space musik for the Homo Superior Noble Savage. Teutonic guitars ravaging the world. Robert Plant, the eunuch/larynx with the golden hun-like mane, manifests the physicality of this part of Zep image. The distinction is that while people used to be taking psychedelics, some preferred yogurt and some preferred roast beef bones. The latter, extremely self-conscious of their alienating style, were complimented when someone asked, *"How can you do that!!!"*

Complimented by this appeal to a muted macho, the Zep burps its way home still confident of its role as shaman to a culture of religious nomads. This implies cynicism, because how long can it go on before it becomes "cranking out" *inspiration*? But the Zep keeps on keepin' on. Now the Stones are *true* cynics. They're only in it for desperation; kids too comfortable to grow old. They realize that they're well into their adulthoods but refuse to bow gracefully 'cause it's so easy to capitalize on the never-ending groundswell. Zep, on the other hand, are into it. Brilliant producer & guitarist, but as far as his sensibilities, what a myopic clown Page must be. *He actually believes in this shit!*

Moreover, he's lucky he's such a hot producer, because the Zep is arguably the world's worst live band. Blak Sabs look like Metal God in comparison. Miraculously, Page calculates image and in so doing transmutes basic Zep studio playing into Busby Berkeley produc. Led Zep records are an artful front for what in fact is one shoddy set-up live. For all of this, *Presence* is by far their most spontaneous sounding album to date (which, depending on your point of view, is variously positive or negative). Recorded in Munich during the period of Robert Plant's recuperation from a broken leg (sustained in a serious car accident in Greece), the album gives the impression that it was perhaps Page's goal to put something on record which the band could even *approximate* live.

There's no question they wouldn't have any problem pulling off the obligatory bloozerune, "Tea For One," which if sources remain correct, refers to Page's situation post a recent divorce. But why's he gotta take it out on me!? Whadda joke—"babuh, ah cum 24 hours a day!" There is a fine line between compelling arrogance (Jim Morrison) and asinine and offensive chauvinism (and I ain't even yer mod lib guy either!).

The spontaneous tone has its good points, too. For one, the Ledz turn in their hottest metal pump in years on *Presence*. Opening side two with a flash of phased electronic drone guitar/vocal inlay, "Nobody's Fault But Mine" sounds more like the Yardbirds than anything the Zep's ever done. A Bloozerauncher in the Grand Tradition, powerful (tho technically spastik) harp from Plant, beautiful production from Page, and *even* Bonzo Bonham the drummer gets in some punchy lix too (which for this tasteless steamroller is most unusual; bet it took him ten takes). This, finally, is monster ferrous ferocity like I likes ta hear it . . . performed by the remaining classiest of the Brittanic Megatons.

The word "presence" means something; it refers to a monolith which appears in each of the photos (all 1950's scenarios) decorating the album cover and inner fold. It's a black obelisk-like item which is incongruous wherever it stands. Sorta like God. Sorta like Led Zep. Offering one more slab of vinyl sacrament, symbolized by said "The Object," which will heal the heads of the searchers. It is kinda cute, in fact, sorta goofy in its high-brow pretentious implications. If this is the level of conciousness of the Answer, Beefheart was right in proclaiming that it wasn't worth asking the Question. ■

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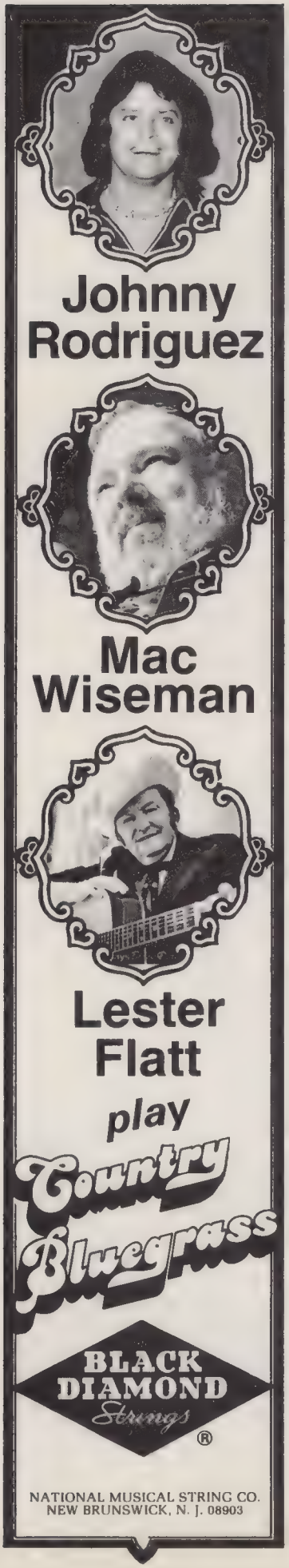


# THREE BASS HIT

by Jon Pareles

**BLACK MARKET**
Weather Report
Columbia (PC 34099)

**MOONSHADOWS**
Alphonso Johnson
Epic (PE 34118)

**MAGICAL SHEPHERD**
Miroslav Vitous
Warner Bros. (BS 2925)

**JACO PASTORIUS**
Epic (PE 33949)

Vector analysis of Weather Report's music factors out to one irresistible element: forward. Always forward. The tunes are temporal juggernauts pushing inevitably to their final beat. Weather Report makes music in progress, additive music, music that grows as you hear it. Compositions pull themselves together out of parts found along the way. It's the perfect perpetual motion machine, rolling along on self-created momentum.

Weather Report's essential innovation is the way they deal with form. Not as a rigid container, but as an organic process, with each moment pointing directly to the one that follows. The form arises out of the material itself (Beethoven would have been pleased). Listening to the classic reportage of "Boogie Woogie Waltz" is like watching a time-lapse film of the primordial swamp: preliminary oozing leads to more mobile, ever more complex creations. Patterns merge and multiply until, at the very end, the grand scheme is revealed. It's a kinetic concept, fulfilling itself only through change. So Weather Report won't go disco, even if they do pick up a rhythm here and there. Disco seeks a static, repetitious groove—Weather Report charts a parabola.

The problems with *Black Market*, Weather Report's latest album, stem from self-imposed limitations. *Black Market* clocks in as Weather Report's shortest album, and consequently it feels condensed. There's simply no chance to lay out the foundations for any structure as imposing as, say, "Nubian Sundance." Either too much of the piece has to be already set up as it begins, or else the selections are faded out just as they head for a particularly enlightening tangent. In a mere 3:05, "Barbary Coast" piles on more riffs than the Ohio Players use in a whole album. If only there were time to play around with them! "Gibraltar," the only fully-developed selection, is a single-mode piece too close to "Boogie Woogie Waltz" for comfort.

Despite the short-cuts, Weather Report is still capable of whipping up a whole tune from virtually nothing. "Black Market" evolves its entire melody from just a pentatonic (5-tone) scale. "Elegant People" and "Three Clowns" are powered by deceptively simple two and three-note bass riffs.

"Three Clowns" also marks reedman Wayne Shorter's capitulation to electricity, accomplished so gracefully it almost catches you unawares. Shorter plays the Lyricon (a wind-instrument-synthesizer control interface) over a backing of acoustic piano, fretless (acoustic-sounding) Fender bass, and Chester Thompson's artful cymbals. In the hands of most musicians, the Lyricon sounds like (surprise!) a synthesizer; Shorter makes it breathe. In the first chorus of "Three Clowns," he sounds a helluva lot like a bowed bass! Only the gradual addition of syntho-possibilities tipped me off that the combo wasn't all acoustic.

As usual, Weather Report shrugs off conventions. Within the electronic instrumentation—and, to a lesser extent, within a limited time scale—they'll still wreak structural havoc. More than anything, *Black Market* makes me long for a live double album. (*Live In Tokyo*, a double set that appeared in Japan only, was excerpted for side 2 of *I Sing The Body Electric*.) Weather Report have certainly proved saleable enough. And they're one of a handful of groups that improve on themselves in every performance.

You'd think that Miroslav Vitous, bassist and co-founder of Weather Report, would make some structural

MARY ALFIERI

*Jaco: lyricism plus Sam and Dave*

points on his first solo album since the brilliant *Mountain In The Clouds* (a blowing session with electric instruments that remains one of jazz-rock's finest achievements). *Magical Shepherd* has some of the same personnel as *Mountain* (Herbie Hancock, Jack Dejohnette) without the intensity. The new album is calculated for the jazz-rock market like David Rubinson's other high-gloss productions (Hancock, the Pointer Sisters)—yeah, it has a good beat. Vitous is condemned to repetitive bass patterns with an occasional anarchic note whenever he wakes up. Didn't he learn anything in Weather Report? These tunes plug along with virtually no dynamic variation. Electric vocal swirls but all of Airto's intoxicating percussion can't save this product.

Paradoxically enough, Alphonso Johnson was Vitous' replacement when Weather Report first began to circumscribe the bass parts. (At the time, Vitous would rather quit than riff). Johnson is a backbone bassist. He keeps the beat with tough economy, content to stick in a few fill notes if no one else will. *Moonshadows* lets him sink into the background, but don't forget—those melodies are his doing. His self-effacing yet unerring bass parts make possible both the delicacies of "Involuntary Bliss" and the drive of "Cosmoba Place." *Moonshadows* also features the vinyl debut of Emmet Chapman's instrument, the "electric stick," which sounds like Lloyd Bridges playing submerged light-fingered guitar.

Jaco Pastorius, Weather Report's newest bass player, has emerged from oblivion to appear on *Black Market* and his own solo album. *Jaco* lets him show off in so many ways it's a wonder he pulls them all off. Bass buoyed on electric pianos, "Continuum," could be a Vitous composition from the first Weather Report album; "Cha-Cha" and "Okonkole y Trompa" should send Stanley Clarke back to the practice rooms if he wants to keep his ostinato crown. "Come On, Come Over" lets him play funk to orchestrate Sam and Dave's vocals. Pastorius' special pride seems to be his doublestops, kept in perfect intonation and unfalteringly placed. He asserts himself in *Black Market's* "Cannon Ball" with a wavered doublestop that cements his new position in Weather Report.

The real tour-de-force is Pastorius' "Portrait Of Tracy." Playing alone, he sorts out a bass line, a baritone melody, and upper chords in harmonics, making each part expressive. Pastorius has both the technique and audacity to push his tuneful bass parts to the forefront of Weather Report. The new melodic input may be just what they need. ■

# JOE'S WOES

by Mitchell Glazer

**STINGRAY**
Joe Cocker
A&M (SP4574)

There he is, my mad dog, Chokin' Joe, looking like he's been staring into the sun too long. A little dazed, a little scared; Joe's starting to look like he sings. And maybe that's the hustle. This album was recorded in Jamaica, yet instead of Cocker sun-tanned, even healthy, his covershot is just this side of psychotic. It's reverse hype—maybe sympathy sells. To cosmeticize Cocker would have been inane but to constantly show him as different shades of pathetic is a campaign. Since Joe pushed his aching growl for that impossible high note in "You Are So Beautiful," and hit, A&M knew it had another *Helen Morgan Story* on its hands. All the tales of lurching, puking performances have made each Cocker concert a heartbreaking question. And the record company is playing off it.

With the exception of "I Broke Down" and a reggae version of Dylan's "The Man In Me," *Stingray* is, of course, a ballad album. The nicest thing about the whole situation is that Cocker can still *sing*. There is the danger of self-parody, and at times *Stingray* seems to be sinking under its own angst. But the lp stays tight and soulful throughout, most of the credit belonging to Cocker's best band. From Chris Stainton to Leon (bloodless) Russell to Jim Price, Joe always had a musical director. My guess is this time it's the magician, Cornell Dupree. With Cornell at his finest teasing guitar, assisted by the tasteful Eric Gale; Richard Tee religious on keyboards, and the inspired rhythm section of Steve Gadd (drums) and Gordon Edwards (bass), Joe's got the classiest soul band since Aretha. And this is a *touring* band! Robert Palmer would give his French suits for this group.

*Stingray* ranges from the jumpin' "I Broke Down," which offers Joe's mad dog howl over Edwards' perfect Stax bass, to the moving "Moon Dew." This song is the measured, building ballad Cocker does best. It's sad and proud, with Tee's heavenly organ and a stinging soul guitar. Finally Dylan's "Catfish" (the pitcher) gets a steamy delta treatment.

With this album, Joe beats the rap. He can still play his invisible guitar and pull out earthy, expressive voices that sing of real pain. Shit, he might even *survive*—with a little help from his friends. ■


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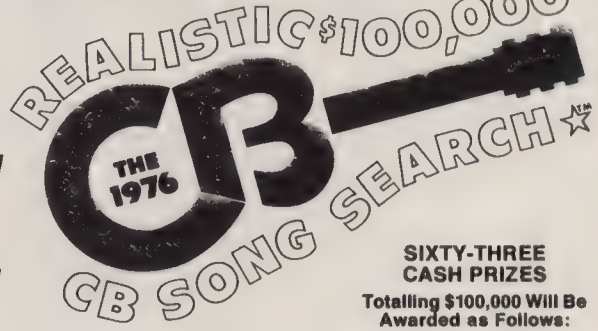


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# CRAZY EYES' GOOD-BYE

by Greg Mitchell

**SLEEPLESS NIGHTS**
Gram Parsons/Flying Burrito Brothers
A&M (SP 4578)

*Lived the life you sang about*
*Carried me through when I had my doubts*
*Now there's an emptiness inside of me*
*All I've got left is your memory*
—Chris Hillman, "Heavenly Fire"

One lazy day in the summer of '68 I'm listening to the album with the weird cowgirl cover (Dylan had dropped a hint with *John Wesley Harding* but who'd a thunk it would have come to *this*) and trying to identify all these upstart Byrds listed on the back.

After being rescued from confusion by the too-familiar voices of Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman on the first four cuts, suddenly something interesting is happening on the fifth. "You're Still on My Mind." A snappy tune? No, more than that. "An *emp*ty bottle, a *bro*ken heart, and yer still on . . . my . . . mind!" The voice. Fresh and slick, like cornbread and molasses. A *new* voice, but whose?

No clue on the *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* album jacket. Turn the record over. First song. "In South Carolina. . . ." Damn voice again! "There're many tall pines. . . ." Purtiest song ah ever heard. "Hickory Wind." Sounds like an old song from a long time back, but the label says it's written by a *G. Parsons*. One of the new Byrds is "Gram Parsons" who plays

CHUCK PULIN

*Parsons' epitaph: "Have one on me"*

"guitar." Aha. . . .

". . . thank you very much!" Emmylou Harris is back for her second encore. Beacon Theater, New York City, Spring '76. She plunks into the first notes of an unfamiliar melody. As if on cue, three strangers call out from different corners of the hall: "HICKORY WIND!" Emmylou pauses, stops, signals her band, closes her eyes, sings. "Now when I'm lonesome . . . I always pretend . . . that I'm getting the feel . . . of hickory wind." It's 60 degrees out, but deep inside, I'm freezing.

Emmylou wasn't the only pretender in the crowd that night and I wonder if any of us knew what ghost we were conjuring. Gram Parsons never recorded a hit single, appeared on only six albums—all commercial flops—and wasn't even a prolific writer, leaving behind no more than 35 songs when he ODed at 26 on pills and booze, Sept. 19, 1973.

*You sing songs about brass buttons*
*And shiny silver shoes*
*Crazy eyes, what had you to lose?*
—Richie Furay, "Crazy Eyes"

I never could explain Gram's cult attraction. There were enough contradictions about Parsons to make him mysterious—this was a Waycross, Georgia country boy who went to Harvard, wore Nudie suits with reefer lapels and took amphetamines to get *mellow*—but it had to cut deeper than that. When the news of his death and desert immolation arrived, I took off my shoe and threw it across the room, where it cracked the plastic on my telephone. When Jimi and Janis croaked, I'd barely shrugged.

Strangely enough, I can listen to Gram's music today with the most compelling of mixed emotions. The best of it still makes me want to cry or *try* harder than anything else around. Without straining, I can compare this effect to that of Hank Williams, another smart martyr-cowboy, whose voice lived even after his lyrics and melodies died young. Something about hitting the fundamental note, stretching the human chord 'cross country—experience not so much shared as relinquished in a moment of oppressive sadness.

*His song came from deep down inside*
*You could hear it in his voice*
*And see it in his eyes*
—Bernie Leadon, "My Man"

Parsons' songs were, if not inevitably brilliant, at least bizarre even when they weren't, often in a religiously symbolic way. "The New Soft Shoe," "Hot Burrito #2" ("You better love me—*Jesus Christ*!") and "Return of the Grievous Angel," among others, illustrate the difference between writing country-rock jingles and composing personal anthems that intersect the universal. Parsons considered Eagles *et al* bubblegum; he is to Dan Fogelberg what Bob Dylan was to Tom Paxton—a mad *scientist*, not a facile technician. Like Ray Davies, Parsons reaches me in a lot of inexplicable ways, even though the three of us have nothing

GINNY WINN

*The late, great Gram Parsons inspired, then abandoned "country-rock"*

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in common but a certain resigned humanity and a vulnerable—even morbid—fatalistic spirit.

Now there's a new Gram album to get drunk and grieve over. *Sleepless Nights* began about a year ago when Emmylou Harris gave A&M publicist Bud Scoppa two unmixed outtakes from her last collaboration with G.P., *Grievous Angel*. Late last year, when Scoppa was asked to put together yet another Parsons/Burritos anthology (the previous one, *Close Up the Honky Tonks* hadn't exactly set the woods on fire), he put in a call to Warner Bros. to see if he could obtain the *Grievous Angel* excess. Surprise! Yes he could, "and here's another song we had in the vaults." Emmylou was so eager to cooperate that she helped remix them and even wrote some liner notes. Scoppa added nine cuts recorded for the Burritos album that was supposed to follow *Burrito Deluxe*, an homage to real country that was rejected by A&M after Parsons had a Dylanesque cycle accident and left the group (not necessarily in that order) in June, 1970. To maintain the feel of that shelved lp, Scoppa included on *Sleepless Nights* two of the better tunes already released on the last compilation.

What we're left with is a somewhat incongruous but always fascinating album. The difference between the cold-steel Burrito cuts and quicksilver *Grievous Angel* songs is breathtaking. It's the tactful use of piano and fiddle that distinguishes Parsons' later stuff from "country-rock." For his two solo albums, Gram assembled one of the hottest bands around—Elvis' good old boys James Burton, Ronnie Tutt, Emory Gordy and Glen D. Hardin—and their clean-cut funk makes these lovely songs (two by Boudleux Bryant plus one Louvin Brothers classic) resonate. Gram and Emmylou sing at their bobbing and weaving emotive best. (I wonder if that kid Rodney Crowell, who Emmy's been grooming, hopes *she* OD's so *he* can get *his* solo shot.) Almost half the Burritos cuts are sludgy throwaways but still, *Sleepless Nights* is a must for fans and not a bad introduction for outsiders (although I'd recommend *Sweetheart*, the first Burritos lp, and Parsons' two solo albums first).

In his last interview, with *Crawdaddy* in the summer of '73, Parsons said he spent a lot of time in the desert "up at Joshua Tree [where he was to die only weeks later] just looking at the San Andreas fault, and saying to myself: 'I wish I was a bird drifting up above it.'" Now he's with all "the truckers, and the kickers and the cowboy angels" in honky tonk heaven, leaving me to sit here remembering something that he once told me. Eight years later, I'll be damned if it did not come true. "An *emp*ty bottle, a *bro*ken heart, and yer still on . . . my . . . mind."■

# CAPSULE REVIEWS

**ESCAPE FROM BABYLON**
Martha Velez
Sire (SASD 7515)

Somehow an unknown singer from *Hair* named Martha Carmen Josephine Hernandez Rosario de Velez journeyed to England in 1968 and got Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, Mitch Mitchell, Brian Auger, Keef Hartley and Jim Capaldi to back her on the gutsy, rockin' *Fiends & Angels*. Four years later, she got Van Morrison's band to support *Hypnotized*, an unfortunate dud, and in '74 The Olympic Runners (Pete Wingfield's studio group) sessioned on her spunky *Matinee Weepers*. Now Ms. Velez has scored her greatest coup: The Wailers, with Bob Marley producing.

The marriage is more subtle than explosive: Martha's silky voice is too

DAVID GAHR

*Martha's talent bursting at the seams*

*Americanized* to capture the pain of reggae. Her interpretation of Marley's four tunes are more palpable than convincing, while their only collaboration ("Disco Night") with the Zow Pow Horns, is a non-pretentious sway. Martha's tunes penned *before* she landed in Kingston have remarkable reggae feeling and come across best. Though Velez's pipes are best suited for either more sensuous or rock-oriented numbers, The I-Three's harmonies make *Return From Babylon* an engaging exercise.

(Bob Grossweiner)

**TAKIN' IT TO THE STREETS**
Doobie Brothers
Warner Bros. (BS 2899)

These guys were always a little too boogie-static for my taste, playing everybody's perfect AM riff. That was the *old* Doobies, however, under the leadership of guitarist/singer, Tom Johnston, who, for medical reasons, was forced from the forefront of the group. To make up for his spiritual absence, Doobs recruited two Steely Dans; ace guitarist, Jeff Baxter and pianist, Michael McDonald. These two have brought just the sophistication and subtlety which the old Doobs so sorely lacked. Fact is, as *players*, the Doobies is pretty hot, but they have benefitted from Baxter's arranging dynamism and McDonald's writerly class.

Baxter's influence, in particular, is overwhelming. His liquid, golden riffing and *swingin'* solos (one a the few electric players with the capacity to be-bop, bless 'im), plus Ted Templeton's finely-tuned production artistry have turned out a record to behold. From pure gems of symphonicized melodicism *a la* "Rio" (I'm hallucinatin *carniba!!*), thru the invention of some sultry and jazzed cool-rock, as on "For Someone Special," all the way to mucho Steelydanoid, able-bodied psychodrama, sorta oriental in its counterpoints & angularity, *Takin It to The Streets* is the first-ever Doobies *musical* conquest—all round, no slack.

(Bruce Malamut)

**FIREFALL**
Atlantic (SD 181/4)

There's a lotta familiar sounds on this album; echoes of old friends. Stephen Stills co-wrote five of the songs and although his patented nasality didn't get to vinyl, his music did. Firefall is an interesting Grade B "supergroup," but combining ex-Burrito Byrd Michael "Machine" Clarke with ex-Spirit Mark "Space Cadet" Andes in a rhythm section *is* creative. Rick Roberts is an anomaly. He wrote "Colorado," a gorgeous ballad, with the Burritos and then put out two solo stiffs. His last work was in valiant support of Stills. Larry Burnett, ex-D.C. cab driver, is a shot of new rockin' blood, but Jock Bartley's flash guitar roots are too Glenn Frey-Stills for comfort. Firefall, when it escapes its roots, makes fine music. "Dolphin's Lubbaby," a wistful, off-key tune and "Love Isn't All," a burning affair, show the group's promise. "Mexico" is the album's showpiece, a rolling tune riding a tango-piercing guitar and clever maharachi horns. Roberts'

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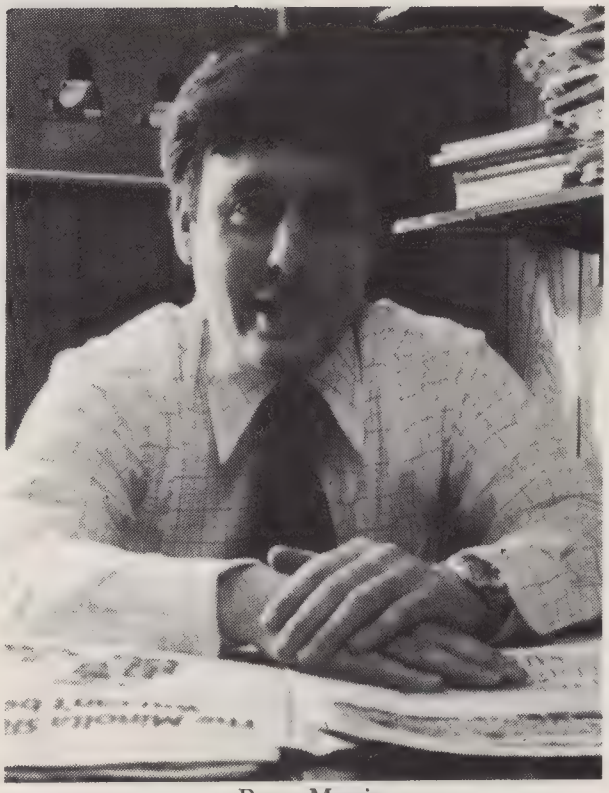

Barry Morris

The Boston Phoenix

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*Source: *"A Study of the Boston Phoenix Readership."* Dorr Research Corp., 1975. Pg. 3.

**Source: Audit Bureau of Circulations, 6 months statement, Dec. 31, 1975

vocals are reminiscent of Neil Young, the guitar borrows from Eagles/Doobie/Stills—and that's Firefall's basic problem. It's getting cramped on the ol' country-rock prairie; any new brand will go a long way.

(Mitchell Glazer)

**WELCOME HOME**
Osibisa
Island (ILPS 9355)

Osibisa hit the streets in 1971 with an album that made the British Top Ten and sold moderately well in the States. They soon got classified as Afro-rock, which made vague sense since most of the musicians are Ghanaian. They played a fresh-sounding blend of 1970s jump-band mix—jazzish solos and funk rhythms—with a good deal of West African-derived percussion passages and near-folk melodies.

Their new album is much the same, except that the Ghanaian elements are minimal and cutesied up. What's left is just okay. If *Osibisa* was your meat, dig out the original album. Or, for the real '70s African sound, check out the African boxes in the bigger stores for discs by the big bands from Zaire (Rochereau or, better yet, Franco), Ghana (the Uhuru National Dance Band or the Ramblers) and Nigeria.

(John Storm Roberts)

**YOUNG AND RICH**
The Tubes
A&M (SP-4580)

Reduced to its fundamentals, satire is throwing shit at someone you dislike. Rock 'n' roll, as an act of throwing shit at over-cerebralized adults, has a lot in common with satire. The two rarely make a compatible marriage, however, because irony has a crummy beat, you can't dance to it, and who needs to spend four bills on an album that calls you a moron for getting off on power chords?

WENDI LOMBARDI

*The Tubes: Young, rich and leather*

The Tubes face this dilemma by playing rock hard enough to hammer a nail through your frontal lobe. Though they occasionally throw in dissonant squeaks and loud sarcasm to prove they are as cool as Frank Zappa, they are not afraid to beat a good riff to death. The lyrics miss the mark about half the time which can be annoying on the slow songs when you're forced to listen. Big advance over their first album is "Don't Touch Me There," a parody of the early '60s Wall of Sound that is musically better than the original stuff while making an hilariously accurate point about the schizoid sexuality of the time (you just always knew, deep down, that the Shangri-Las didn't put out). Making her debut as a vocalist, Re Styles fires my loins better than anyone since Karen Carpenter—who has more smarts.

(Charles M. Young)

**ANY ROAD UP**
Steve Gibbons Band
MCA (2187)

There is something of rock dreamz to the vision of the Gibbons band. See, their hometurf, Birmingham, is the Motor City of the Limeys; consequently, Gibbons goes down fast & pugnacious. "Speed Kills" theme (similar to the Purp when they used ta be artists): Civilizationman in His Never-Ending Battle Against (Motor) Technology. Trevor Burton, ex-Move brilliant sonic/bassist, throws some left hooks on the aforementioned tune that are worth the price of Birmingham alone and amphetamine/iron-foundry ugly modern West metaphorics abound. And what of "Johnny Cool?" This song brings together rockdream & duck meditation in an incomparable fashion ("broke all da rools that he could not bend . . . Flyin like a Rockin Goose"). As Johnny "picked up the gun an blew his brains out," the band shoots an onomatopoetic accent in the rhythm section. Hot little twists like this is what pulls the Gibbons band above rock commodity status. But it's Gibbons himself brandishing a .357 Magnum onstage, dressed evilly in black jodphurs and leathers, who turns the trick. With his voice a malevolent cross between Beefheart and Roy Wood, and Burton's bass, wrapping around the rhythms, we got one helluva roll band (dis is not a rock album). Big roll, daddy. Gibbon's cryptic get-back warning (i.e. is he bein sarcastic?). In "Natural Thing" he states "Pills to give you this, they got pills to give you that/But if you gotta take a pill before you make love/Gimme the rhythm method every time." What mutant wit! And moreover *the all-time mesmerizin' hook of the century* is contained in the chorus of the tune. Nope, no computers for the SGB, no synthereal, nada analysis, no moralysis—this band don't gots no sympathizers & tha's cuz Gibbons is one *badass*!

(Bruce Malamut)

**WORDS WE CAN DANCE TO**
Steve Goodman
Asylum (7E-1061)

If there is any justice in this world, Steve Goodman will become a big star, make lots of money and live happily ever after in a big house. That might make him happy, but it's hard to tell. His lyrics are so urbane, so understated, that one sometimes wonders if he isn't, like Randy Newman, just another comic actor in search of tragedy. Steve Goodman speaks of those same traumas that beset the over-conscious everyman: Man vs Man—and loses; Man vs Woman—and compromises; Man vs Life—and is overwhelmed. Yet with Goodman, there is always the presence of romance and the optimistic punchline.


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Goodman's fourth album, *Words We Can Dance To* epitomizes this typical pose. The album's most affecting tune, "That's What Friends Are For," explores the omnipresent question of friend/lover. Although caught in a quandry where the borders are blurred, Goodman's bittersweet perspective survives. The obvious comparison in style and content of *Words* would be to Paul Simon, right down to the ersatz Rheinhart/Grappelli guitar/violin breaks (reminiscent of Simon's "Papa Hobo"). But ultimately, Goodman is softer, with more promise to his overview. The Goodman/Steve Burgh production is pristine, most notably their exultantly *white* treatment of "Tossin' and Turnin'" and the calypso "Banana Republic."

Steve's got the talent, the big house is up to him . . .

(Janis Cercone)

**R. CRUMB AND HIS CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS: NO. 2**
Blue Goose (2019)

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Yazoo (1052)

**HAVE MOICY!**
Michael Hurley et al
Rounder Records (3010)

Follow the bouncing grease balls; from cheap suits to flowered shirts to clams, the damp thread of the obscure guides these three albums.

On the second R. Crumb album, the raunchy cartoonist exhumes popular songs of the '20s and '30s, as well as an occasional Polish waltz, and transforms them into rollicking string band razz-matazz. Crumb and Co. treat these relics with respect and affection—renditions of humorous material are surprisingly straight, while the use of the traditionally comical saw is more eerie than droll. At its best, the music is loose and irresistible: Armstrong's slide and Dodge's mandolin are cheered on by Crumb's determined banjo. At its worst, however, the music chimes with the redundancy of a calliope and gasps with asthmatic vocals. Some variation and a shot of Primatene would help.

Roy Smeck wrote the book on how to play guitar. Author of ubiquitous instruction manuals and master of several stringed instruments, Smeck perfected the Hawaiian-style guitar Sol Hoopii pioneered. Smeck's album, which includes popular and novelty songs of the Depression Years, features the versatile musician in a variety of styles, from ragtime to jazz. Gliding across the frets with the grace of a trapeze artist, Smeck is

Tony Williams. Heart of the **Tony Williams Lifetime.** A professional since age nine. And son of a professional. Graduate of Miles Davis and creator of rhythmic invention. Always with class. Always with honesty. "It's not how fast you can play or how hip," he will say. "My responsibility is to play the drums and let people know that there is someone who can play . . . like that . . ." He's his own man. And he "lives" on Gretsch drums

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at once daring and precise, sophisticated and showy. He executes such pieces as "Bugle Call Rag," "Tiger Rag" and "Laughing Rag" with an ease that belies their complexity. That Smeck could even play these pieces is amazing. That he often played them upside down, on the vaudeville stage, is unbelievable.

*Have Moicy!* is a collective collection of looney tunes by an endearing group of cosmic chumps, i.e. Michael Hurley (a.k.a. Snock), The Unholy Modal Rounders (Holy minus Steve Weber equals Unholy), and Jeffrey Fredericks and the Clamtones (your guess is as good as mine). While these artists lunch on common themes—women, whiskey, and disappearing hamburgers—each harkens to the beat of a different clam. Afloat with narcotic melodies and whimsical lyrics, Hurley's songs not only reveal an innocent fascination with sex and tortillas, but an ability to deal maturely with heartbreak: "Fooey Fooey, I lost my Suey." Drawing inspiration from traditional folk and bluegrass, the Rounders attack their material with the finesse of drunken sailors on shore leave—their orchestrated madness is truly *contagious*. Fredericks & the Clamtones, meanwhile, glorify such delicacies as newts, mutilated ears, and Kosher chickens.

(Mike Rogers)

**SATISFIED 'N TICKLED TOO**
Taj Mahal
Columbia (PC 34103)

Will the real Taj Mahal please sing up? After undulating through a funky pastiche of R&B, reggae, and blues on side one of his latest album, Taj takes a quick powder on side two, forcing his struggling cadets to wing it themselves. Although they play their original material adequately, I thought this was *Taj*'s album. The highlight of side one is a sleepy reggae reading of the title cut, a Mississippi John Hurt classic. Taj's excursion into R&B, however, is only partially successful. "New E-Z Rider Blues" is creamy and arousing, but "Baby Love" finally becomes tedious. If the blues rockers of Taj's first album and the reggae smokers of his recent efforts collared form and feeling, here he captures the music's sensuality, but sacrifices its soul. I'd be satisfied with less ticklin' and mo' roots.

(Mike Rogers)

**ONE FOR THE ROAD**
Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance
Island (9366)
**HEARTBURN**
Kevin Coyne
Virgin (V2047)

England is in trouble. The pint (whether ale, stout, or beer) is called upon once again as proof against national lemming-frenzy. Brew, the Britisher's organic psychedelic and nature's perfect food, sustains the hordes of working rockers in the minor leagues. Herewith two new lps from promising second-line rockin' barflies.

Ronnie Lane's third edition of Slim Chance forsakes its earlier R & B leanings on *One For the Road* for a skiffle/Celtic/rockabilly approach. The resultant sound, thin and tentative on initial listening, becomes lithe and loose, thanks to improved tubswork by Colin Davey. Lane's reedy, often Dylanlike vocals and the group's boozy harmonies ooze feeling. While no minstrel-as-cosmic-muffin, Lane declines profound moralizing in favor of genial affirmations of self-reliance and a return to the not-so-distant rural past. Instrumentation is standard guitar/bass/drums, spiced by mandolin, fiddle, squeezebox and harp. Slim Chance evokes both the Band and Rod Stewart circa "Maggie May" without aping either. *One For the Road* is ingenuous

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*Heartburn* is Kevin Coyne's vinyl nightmare. Coyne, known for his tarpapertonsil vocals and raucous, surrealistic diatribes, fronts a streamlined band featuring new member Zoot Money's keyboards. Ace producer Norman "Hurricane" Smith was brought in but new blood (or the lack of it) isn't the problem. The band does its job ably (particularly Money and guitarist Andy Summers), yet lacks the manic energy and cutting edge of previous Coyne outfits. Smith's "clean" production downplays the band, allowing Kevin to overpower his musicians. Although there are a couple of rockers (a remake of "Strange Locomotion" and "Don't Make Waves," a reggae throwaway), the bulk of the LP is bleak, lonely, angst-ridden.

Ultimately, the album collapses beneath the accumulated pain, emerging as an uneven, maudlin blend of rockers and "mea culpas." It seems that Kevin Coyne is walking in a tunnel, and the light he sees at the other end is on the front of the Edge City Limited.

(Arthur Messier)

**TROUBLE**
Sailor
Epic (PE 34039)

A wonderously infectious album by an odd brand of sophisticates (I flash on 4 miniature Bry Ferries), whose vision is cosmopolitan, but (unlike Ferry) not worldweary. Sorta continental, certainly unusual, some potential 45's and a production so ethereal it'd do do Bri Wilson proud. The whole, consistently complimented by the oceanic gloss of an electric nickelodean (?!). Spring en Paris strolling in de jardin, de tuilleries, zat glass of champagne, jacaranda et des girls, girls, girls. If ya catch mah drift it's encore & bon gout. Garcon!

(Bruce Malamut)

**PHIL CODY**
Phil Cody
Reprise (MS 2232)

If imitation is indeed the sincerest form of flattery, then a whole bunch of folks should be tickled pink with this debut lp of songwriter Phil Cody—especially Leon Russell. The songs are strong and commercially viable, as one would expect from a fellow whose lyrics have been utilized so frequently by Neil Sedaka. But Cody is at least one step away from developing a style of his own and we should all respectfully reserve judgement until that occurs. Production by Brooks Arthur (Janis Ian) is predictably uncluttered and tasteful.

(Bob Sarlin)

**TEARS FOR DOLPHY**
Ted Curson
Arista/Freedom (AL 1021)

Name eight trumpet players who can *lead*. Include only living musicians—makes it tougher. Now, is Ted Curson on the list? If not, mark one wrong.

The real learning begins when you spin this record. Curson himself was a serious student in the Charles Mingus Jazz Workshop in 1961; *Tears for Dolphy*, recorded in 1964, shows how one teacher can provide enough inspiration for a lifetime of work. Simple-sounding melodies issue from the basic musical equivalent of phonics drills. He pulls together a band like it's sentence construction. The result is not wordy music—instead, we get the sound of someone skilled in conversing, the rhythm of even breathing, and the same swaggering stride of the sharpest cat on the block. And, according to one of my first teachers, that's all jazz really has to be.

(Alan Goodman) ■


# THE SOUND SPONGE.

A cassette and a sponge have a lot in common.

A sponge, of course, soaks up water. But a cassette tape soaks up sound. The more it absorbs, the higher the highs and lower the lows when the sound is squeezed out through your machine.

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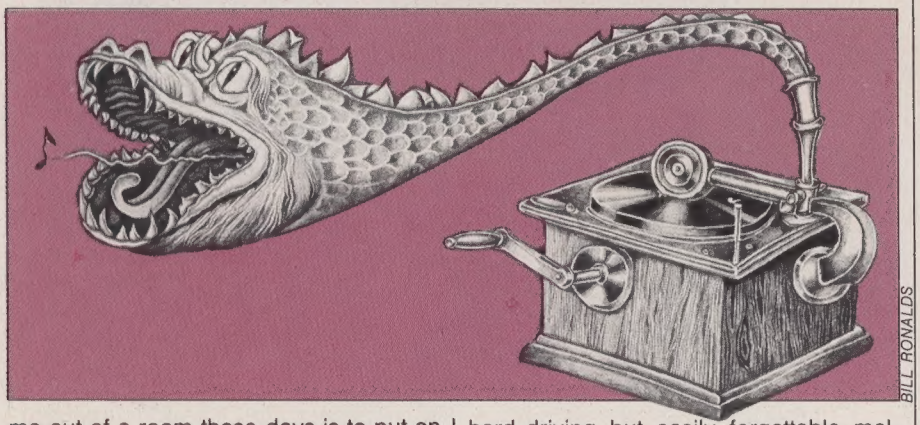
# FOSSIL ROCK

by Ed Naha

**LIVE BULLET**
Bob Seger and the Bullet Band
Capitol (SKBB-11523)
**STATUS QUO**
Capitol (ST-11509)
**JAIL BREAK**
Thin Lizzy
Mercury (SRM 1-1081)
**MARRIOTT**
Steve Marriott
A&M (SP-4572)
**THE EARL SLICK BAND**
Capitol (ST-11493)
**THAT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY**
Gary Wright
A&M (SP-3584)

I am growing old. There is no way I can escape it. Currently, my idea of a hot time is sitting at home, late at night, next to a lit oven. My poster of *2001* has yellowed around the edges. My copy of *Are You Experienced* has beer stains on it and I now fall asleep during the second reel of *Easy Rider*. Frequently, I even find myself recalling the Fillmore with fondness. And, in these *Donny and Marie vs. Wings in the Valley of Sedaka* days, such occurances are not, er, healthy.

Growing up in the golden days of '60s crotch rock (Big Brother, Quicksilver, Spooky Tooth, Free, Atomic Rooster, the Doors, the Who, the Grease Band, Blue Cheer), I now sit, morbidly fascinated, watching my arteries harden to the strains of Top 40 farina. The fastest way to get me out of a room these days is to put on any record by one of our popular laid-back, let's-feed-the-chickens-in-our-Colorado-bluejeans groups. I claw at the door with my fingernails, turn over heavy furniture while whimpering the litany of the Who's Who of Grunt-dom . . . Morrison, Joplin, Kossoff, Hendrix, Miller.


BILL RONALDS

What has happened to my beloved crotch rock? The kind of music your pelvis responded to long before your head had any idea of what was happening? Raw and primitive, but not inarticulate. Alive and kinetic, not pre-packaged. The kind of stuff that managed to communicate its message in the first three bars, outdistancing the rock critics who were still struggling to get the first sheet of paper in their socio-political typewriters.

Well, basic hard rock is alive and well . . . sort of. A few bands like Bad Company, Zep, Foghat, Skynyrd and Back Street Crawler still wave their wounded banners high but they are pretty much obscured by the smoke bombs and streamers.

There *is* some hope, however. In the past few weeks, quite a few alleged hard rock albums have been let loose and, thank the big Amp above, some of them are quite tasty.

A must for rock aficionados who still wear their headsets tuned up to "ear bleed" level is the new Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band double live lp, *Live Bullet*, Seger, for years a minor deity in Detroit and the Midwest, is one of the few gutsy rock and rollers left. Sandpapered to the point of extinction, Seger's voice is an amazing cross between enraged Cocker and a wounded mix master. Bob and his lobotomized band have one vile thing in mind on these four sides and the resulting noise is capable of reducing a fine pair of stereo speakers to kazoos. "Nutbush City Limits," "Beautiful Loser" and "Travelin' Man" are just three of the below the belt jabs present. Wear a truss, while listening to this for the first time.

On the right track, but still not quite there, is Status Quo, England's top boogie band. (Hey, remember boogie bands?) Their new lp features a fistful of hard-driving but easily forgettable melodies highlighted by harsh instrumentation and what we used to refer to in high school as "sissy" vocals. One must make allowances for this abnormality, however, in that English bands are often required to wear their pants *tighter* than their American counterparts.

One of the finest bands with tight pants to emerge out of the U.K. during the '70s, Thin Lizzy, has released what is probably their strongest album to date, *Jailbreak*. It looks as if this long-ignored band may finally happen stateside. Maybe the rock intelligensia has latched onto the fact that lead singer/bassist Phil Lynott has a vocal delivery reminiscent of present Bruce Springsteen (ignoring the fact that Phil's been warbling in like manner for close to five years). The band is getting a lot of attention with their wailing double-lead guitar riffs and truly infectious rhythm. The sound is rough and tumble, unpretentious and joyfully unbridled, with mouthfuls of searing lyrics tossed in for added clout. If I wasn't so jaded, I'd say this is a minor rock classic. (So help me Kafka.)

While we are on the subject of pretensions, former Humble Pie slice Steve Marriott has unleashed his first solo lp and the net result is the musical equivalent of a Laverne and Shirley film festival. ZZZZZZZ. Boy-don't-I-wish-I-wuz-black Steve doesn't seem to know exactly what he wants to do with his life as yet, so he does everything; yassuh-ing it through an American Side and a British Side. Both taken at face value could do as much for Anglo-American relations as The Boston Tea Party.

Another wandering spirit in the rock realm is Earl Slick, a lumbering axe grinder who achieved notoriety as David Bowie's main man. The Earl Slick Band which, while still unrecorded, was truly ballsy, has released their first watered-down affair and it has about as much to do with hard rock as a sliced salami.

For those who can't get enough of those tie-dyed days of yesteryear, there is always Gary Wright and Spooky Tooth's *That Was Only Yesterday*. Attempting to cash in on Gary's recent commercial success, A&M has tastefully constructed a retrospective double album culled from Gary's two solo efforts and Spooky Tooth's numerous recordings. The finsished product is rock plus, with Gary and the band screeching through the melodies of "Evil Woman," "Cotton Growing Man," "The Wrong Time" and "Waitin' For the Wind." A hard-hitting history lesson for the ardent Anglophile who always wondered what Wright, a New Jersey tyke, was doing with all those long-haired limeys in the first place.

So that's how it stands, fellow artifacts. Crotch rock is still limping along, although the guitars don't bellow as bawdily as before, the amplifiers no longer explode with marked regularity. Perhaps, like the '50s, the sense of the '60s may come back to haunt us and wise-ass creativity and recklessness may once more reign supreme. Until that time, however, I (and the legions of hard-rock dinosaurs) will have to be content with playing our old Free records, trying to remember the original members of Moby Grape and Spirit, and recalling Eric Clapton prior to reggae and No-Doz. ■

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